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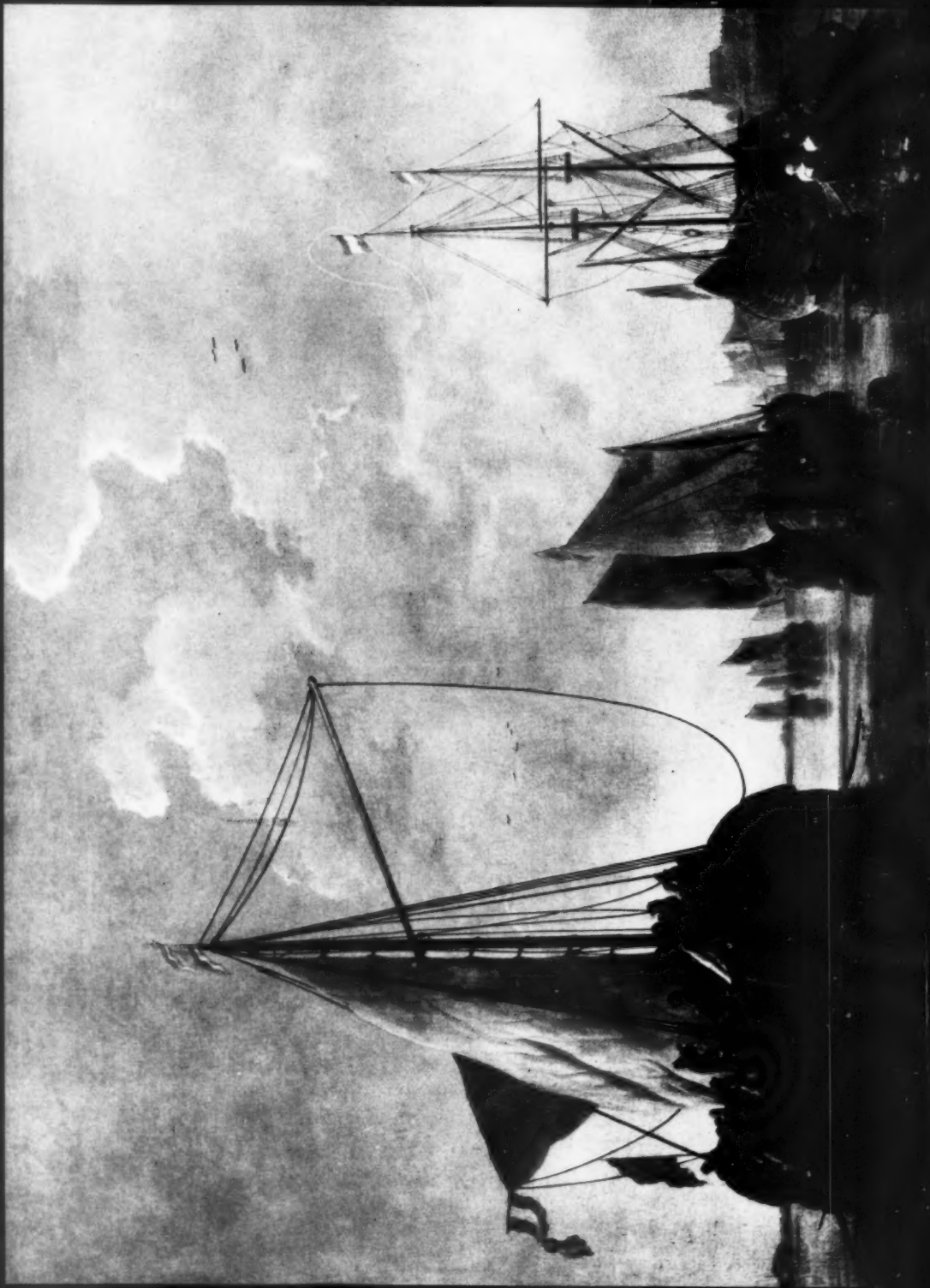
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THE CALLISTO LEGEND. FLORENTINE, about 1440

Berlin, Herr de Burlett

NEW CASSONE PANELS—IV*

By PAUL SCHUBRING

THE story of Diana's pupil, the beautiful Arcadian huntress Callisto, so delightfully told by Ovid,[†] has been painted by the Venetians of the Early Cinquecento (Giorgione, Palma), but no Florentine rendering of the *Quattrocento* has, so far, been known. I have long been looking for it; experience teaches that all the subjects treated by the Venetians of the sixteenth century had already been painted in Tuscany fifty to seventy years earlier. Now the Florentine prototype has come to light. Herr de Burlett, of Berlin, found it in an English private collection. It tells the long story in ten pictures. The separate scenes are divided amid Arcadian hills and woods, and in the last one the ocean rolls with the stars reflected in it.

The story begins on the left with a hunting scene. Artemis and her companions are hunting hares; high mountain peaks and deep valleys lend a rhythm to the place. A *Trecento* castle stands on one of the hills with a coquettishly high tower. Helios glows on high—"alterius medio spatium solaltus habebat."

The weary huntress enters the thick, never-lighted wood, loosens her bow "inque solo, quod texerat herba, iacebat et pictam posita pharetram cervice premebat." The slain hare hangs on a tree. While resting she espies Zeus, who is particularly fond of resorting to Arcady for his pleasures, as, according to a tradition, he was born here and not in Crete. The darkness of the forest entices him;

Hera's eyes cannot follow him here, and he appears to the maiden in the guise of Artemis. With wonder she raises her arm to the goddess: "salve numen, me indice, audiat ipse licet, maius Jove." The god, who is preferred to himself, smiles and embraces the resisting nymph: "petit aethera victor." Woods and meadows are now odious to her. She wanders about alone and forgets to draw her bow though two bears are lurking near by.

Then Artemis appears on the high Maenalos in her deer chariot and calls the lonely and desponding huntress back into the old circle. Nine months later the goddess is resting at a clear spring and tries the water with her foot: "Hic quoque laudatis procul est" ait, "arbiter omnis; nuda superfusus tinguamus corpora lymphis." Callisto alone hesitates to throw off her clothing; the nymphs undress her, and her shame is revealed to the goddess: "I procul hinc, dixit, nec sacros pollue fontes."

Hera had discovered everything long ago; her wrath waxed when Callisto, alone in the wood, gave birth to a little son, Arcas. Hera approaches in her peacock-drawn chariot, above in the clouds, flies at the trembling nymph, clutches her by her hair above the forehead, and hurls her to the ground. She transforms the unfortunate nymph into a she-bear. "Bracchia coeperunt nigris horrescere villis, currarique manus et aduncos crescere in unguis officioque pedum fungi, laudataque quondam ora Jovi lato fieri deformia rictu." The poor creature must now flee into the wood, and, though herself a bear, she trembles with

* The three previous articles on Cassone Panels appeared in May 1926, March and April 1927.

† *Metam.* II, 409-531.

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DETAIL FROM FIG. 1

fear both of the bears and of the wolves, though her father, Lykaon, is a wolf.

Fifteen years later her son Arcas has grown to be a huntsman and roams through the Erymanthus. There the unhappy man comes across his mother: "Quae restitit Arcade viso et cognoscenti similis fuit. Ille refugit im-motosque osculos in se sine fine tenentem nescius extimuit propiusque accedere aventi vuluifico fuerat fixurus pectora telo." At this terrible moment Zeus lifts both the mother and her son to the stars. This once again arouses Hera's wrath. She hastens to her old foster-parents, Oceanus and Thetis, with whom she had spent her youth, and who still love their foster-child tenderly; she begs them not to allow the seven triones to be reflected in the blue depths: "At vos, si laesae contemptus tangit alumnae, gurgite caeruleo septem prohibete triones, sideraque in caelo stupri mercede recepta pellite, ne puro tinguatur in aequore paelex." Actually the two constellations, the Great Bear and Little Bear, are remarkable for the fact that they never set, and are, therefore, of particular importance to seafarers. In our picture a terrible serpent is writhing in the sky above, and the two constellations appear between its coils. Oceanus and Thetis are swimming in the broad river, and Hera is advancing towards them in her peacock-drawn chariot.

I am convinced that the young Florentine lady for whom this chest was painted knew her Ovid and the fate of Callisto very well. The story is romantic and shows a high flight of

imagination. Love transports into the starry heavens—that is a thing which the Florentines liked to hear of, and see painted, on their wedding day. The painting is essentially Arcadian; everything happens among hills, trees, and rivers, and there is no architecture. The painter must be sought in Florence in the vicinity of Neri di Bicci. It is not the Paris master; one could sooner think of the Dido master, but our picture is earlier and should be dated about 1440.

As already stated this cassone panel is the only Florentine one so far known to represent the story of Callisto. We find the subject more frequently treated by the later Venetian painters.

Giorgione's series of eighteen narrow panels (not cassone fronts) which Ridolfi describes in the *Maraviglie dell' Arte* contain amongst other stories that of Callisto. Palma Vecchio's picture in Frankfort is well known to every one. In the Milanese school we find the story of Pomona and Vertumnus, after Ovid (*Metam.* XIV, 623ff.), instead of that of Callisto, which it closely resembles in subject-matter. Here, too, a demigod transforms himself into an older woman in order to persuade a young girl to love. This has been



ACTÆON AND ARTEMIS

Berlin, Herr Bottenwieser

Paris master

New Cassone Panels

painted, for example, by Francesco Melzi (?) in a picture in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin (No. 222), showing Pomona draped. A second painting with Pomona nude is alluded to by Mariette (*Abecedario* III, 378). Presumably there were other pictures of Pomona in the Leonardo circle, as a subject once developed does not usually disappear again so soon. Later on the Callisto motive passes from Venice to the Netherlands and Holland: as an example I would point out Rubens' painting in Cassel, dated 1613, of Zeus caressing Callisto, and his later painting at Madrid of Diana unmasking Callisto; Rembrandt's "Callisto Unmasked" at the Schloss Anholt, combined in this case with the story of Actæon, which the Italians of the Baroque period (ex. Domenichino, Villa Borghese, Rome) treated separately.

The story of Actæon appears on a Florentine desco by the Paris master, which I published in my "Cassoni," but reproduce here again from a much better photograph. There the painting was described only as Florentine of about 1440; now I have no longer any doubt that it should be attributed to the Paris master. It represents a valley sheltered by high hills and trees with a font-like basin resembling in shape the medallions in Ghiberti's baptistery door. Eight naked young maidens are bathing in this basin, and one of them, the second from the left, is Artemis. Actæon approaches on the right unawares. The hunter heated from the chase seeks nothing but water and refreshment. But the indignant goddess splashes



EURYDICE AND ARISTAIOS

Bald. Carrari

Paris, Musée des Arts Décoratifs



NARCISSUS

Berlin, Herr Bottenwieser

Paris master

him with water, he is transformed into a stag and his own hounds fall upon him. Is this bloody and unjust story a suitable one for a wedding strain? It gave an opportunity of showing the young bride nude, and at that time it was considered not a sin but a joy for the bridegroom to be transported into the rut of a stag at the sight of his beautiful one unveiled. No less a poet than Shakespeare bears witness to this; he makes the Duke in "Twelfth Night" reply, when invited to go and hunt the hart:

Why so I do, the noblest that I have:
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought she purged the air of pestilence:
 That instant was I turned into a hart;
 And my desires like fell and cruel hounds
 E'er since pursue me.

The desco has recently been acquired by Herr Bottenwieser, of Berlin, from an English private collection.

In the same collection there is another painting by the Paris master with a representation of Narcissus (38 by 36 cm.), presumably a side panel of a cassone. The glowing, luminous mountain landscape is particularly fine. Three rocky peaks fill the background. In front there is a bank with a little water in which the startled Narcissus sees his reflection as he hurries out of the wood. The story of Narcissus has been fairly frequently

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painted.* The scene of the reflection in the water has often been combined with the story of Pyramus and Thisbe; once with that of Apollo and Daphne. Three paintings by Franciabigio, till recently in the Benson collection, London, tell in greater detail the story of the Princess Dana, the daughter of the King of Thebes, who was forsaken by Narcissus and called down the vengeance of Venus, who then killed Narcissus.

I have given a detailed account of the story of Orpheus and Eurydice in my "Cassoni." It was well known, well developed dramatically, and occupied the minds of painters in Umbria and Verona as well as in Florence. The best-known pictures are probably those by Sellaio in Vienna and Petersburg. M. Spiridon, in Paris, possesses a picture with the beginning of the Orpheus legend after Ovid (*Metam. X, 1ff.*)† It represents Orpheus playing the fiddle in the wood surrounded

by animals. In the foreground maidens are feasting and picking flowers, among them Eurydice. A small panel in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs (No. 343) appears to me to present the continuation of this story; it is of the same height, and shows Eurydice fleeing before Aristaios and being stung by the serpent. This incident does not figure in Ovid but in Virgil (*Bucolica IV, 454*). A third picture showing her

companions mourning over the death of Eurydice was published by Tancred Borenius in the "Burlington Magazine," February 1922. I believed the painter to be Baldassare Carrari, but this has been questioned. Conte Gamba has suggested Aurelio Luini, but I still hold to the assumption that these three pictures belong to the school of the Romagna.

The Louvre has recently acquired a delicate little cassone panel which has been vaguely described as "Ecole Italienne, XV siècle" and its content interpreted as the wedding of Peleus and Thetis. It is difficult to understand how they arrived at this conclusion on the Seine. Anyone who is at all at home in cassone subjects will see at once that we are concerned here with Aeneas and Venus in Africa. After severe storms Aeneas has landed in Africa at Dido's castle and naturally hesitates to beg for hospitality in a strange land. At

that moment his mother Venus arrives in her dove-drawn chariot with the boy Cupid at her side and speaks words of encouragement to her son. Poseidon, who loves Aeneas as much as he hates Odysseus, does so likewise.

True, the scene takes place not on the African coast but on the Piazzetta in Venice. The two columns appear, though here they are crowned not with lions and St. Theodoro, but with two bronze riders. On the left stands a proud marble palace with Venetian arcades and gables. San Giorgio appears



AENEAS AND APHRODITE IN AFRICA

Ercole Roberti

Paris, Louvre

* Cf. Cassoni, Nos. 170, 171, 174, 436, 524, 605-6, 733-34, 780-82, 821, 823-25.

† Cf. Cassoni, No. 347.

New Cassone Panels

beyond the water as a sort of backcloth in perspective, of course not yet with Palladio's Jassade. Behind Aeneas his friends Astarte, etc., appear on horseback. Dido and her sisters look down in astonishment from the upper windows of the palace.

† In Florence the story of Dido was painted in strict accordance with Virgil's Aeneid, I, 305ff., 632ff., 656ff., 446ff.;

Nicolaus Riccius Spinus, who illuminated the Virgil Cogex in the Riccardiana in Florence, has demonstrated the same intimate knowledge of Virgil's text in the cassone panels in Hanover and New Haven.* Here we find the meeting of Aeneas and Aphrodite as an incidental scene at the very beginning of the story. The picture in Paris must also have formed part of a series. I should look for the painter in Ferrara; perhaps it is Ercole Roberti, who has proved himself to be an admirable story-teller in his pictures of Jason in Milan, Casa Borromeo; Padua, Museo Civico; and Amsterdam, Guttman collection. Formerly I attributed these pictures to Parentino, but have since been converted to Ercole.†

With Aeneas we have entered the realm of

* Cf. *Cassoni*, 2nd edition, 113f., 273ff.

† Cf. *Cassoni*, No. 949.



THE RECEPTION OF SCIPIO

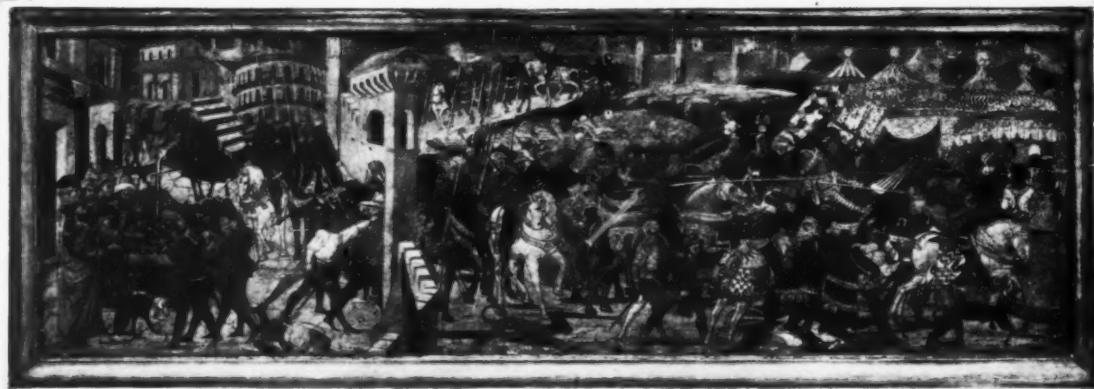
Paris, M. Trotti

Bern. Fungai

Roman mythology to which the next picture also belongs, representing the "Continence of Scipio" (belonging to M. Trotti in Paris). At the conquest of a Spanish town this Roman general had received a young lady, Lucrezia, who was the bride of Aluceius, as his spoil, and generously gave her back untouched to her bridegroom and even returned the presents

of her grateful parents as dowry to the young couple. This generosity of Scipio was frequently represented during the Renaissance. It was found not only in Livius (26, 50), but also in the much-read Valerius Maximus (4, 3, 1). It is familiar to the London art-lover from the beautiful cassone front in the Victoria and Albert Museum (1859, 5804) by the Master of the Tournament of Sta. Croce.

In the Hermitage, in Petersburg, there is a picture of Scipio by Bernardino Fungai, who is also the author of our present picture. It represents a large tent in the open containing the general's throne, who is just giving his hand to Aluceius, while Lucrezia stands on the right of the throne. The old father stands behind two kneeling pages, who are bringing golden vessels for Scipio; in the foreground there are two neatly-tied-up bundles of corn.



BATTLE AT THE GATES OF ROME

New York, Mr. Griggs

Anghiari master

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Behind Lucrezia's father stand some soldiers, Scipio's bodyguard, who fail to understand why their general renounces the fair maiden of his own free will.

A cassone panel belonging to Mr. Griggs in New York represents a battle before the gates of Rome. The painter is the so-called Anghiari master, a follower of Paolo Ucello, and he was fond of painting these sorts of pictures of battles and triumphs.* On the

The panel in the Musée Jacquemart-André, showing Horatius Cocles defending the Pons Sublicius, belongs to the same heroic age of early Rome. This general held the enemy at bay alone with his sword until his people had destroyed the bridge, when he saved himself in the Tiber (Livy II, 10; Plutarch Publ. 16). The North Italian painter of our picture has transferred the scene from the Tiber to the Adige. The gate of the threatened city



HORATIUS COCLES

Paris, Musée André

Michele da Verona

right we see on an eminence a strongly walled city, and beyond the enemies' tents. The city on the left can be recognized as Rome; one can see the Colosseum and the Scala Sancta. The King stands on a carpet-covered chariot in front of the city gate and receives from three pages ingots of gold which are being weighed on scales. Behind stands the leader of the enemies on a white horse. I cannot say who is paying this tribute money. It must be an incident in one of the wars of young Rome with the Samnites and other frontier peoples.

* Cf. *Cassoni*, Nos. 100-127.

displays the Venetian lion; the walls and towers remind one of Verona. The enemies are characterized as Orientals by means of the turban. I should suggest Michele da Verona as the painter of this picture; he has often treated the heroic legends of ancient Rome (i.e. London Nat. Gall., No. 1214, *Coriolanus and the Women*; Cracau Czartoryski Museum, *Portia's Heroism*, etc.). Bertaux in his catalogue of the André collection has called it "School of Carpaccio."

A little picture of the *Cinquecento* may serve as a conclusion. It is not a cassone front but a cornice panel by the Florentine Bacchiacca,

New Cassone Panels

1494-1557, representing "Leda and the Swan with Three Children" (L. Bohler, Lucerne; formerly Herr Schweitzer, Berlin). This pupil of Perugino and Franciabigio appears here as a follower of Leonardo, whose picture of Leda, so famous in its day, must have been the source of our little panel. Leonardo's original is unfortunately lost. But we have such a number of drawings and copies that we can well realize the degree in which this late work of the master's was valued.

Of Leonardo's original drawings I would mention the two sketches in Windsor for a kneeling Leda. In the same collection there is a drawing by Raphael after Leonardo's standing Leda. A copy by a Florentine pupil is in the Borghese Gallery, Rome; another by a Milanese pupil was once in the Doetch collection, London. Mr. Johnson, of Philadelphia, possesses a free Flemish version of the early sixteenth century. A Venetian of the same period painted the Leda belonging to Baroness de Ruble in Paris. The picture in a private collection in Hanover is the work of a North Italian painter; the one in the Brussels Museum is a free version by Franciabigio.

Besides these there are other versions in Neuwied and in a private collection in Bonn. All these copies show Leda in an open landscape, generally standing in front of a tree, with hills behind, on the bank of a river or lake. The swan is always standing beside her and caresses the back of the beautiful woman with its wing. Below, on the left, Castor and Pollux sit on the grass amid the eggshells, either alone or with Clytemnestra and Helen. In those versions where Leda is kneeling (Neuwied, sketch at Chatsworth),

she holds one of the children in her arms. Our picture by Bacchiacca differs from all the other versions; first, in that it places Leda in a thicket without any view beyond. This makes the light gleaming body, its nudity accentuated by a coif and sandals, stand out all the more strongly against the green and brown background. Besides, the swan is here caressing Leda's breast, which she gladly offers him. Finally, there are only three children instead of four amid the eggshells.

Bacchiacca is well known as a painter of cassone and cornice panels. The well-known "Shooting of the Corpse" in Dresden and the "Baptism of Christ" in Berlin (No. 267) are parts of the decoration of Giovanni Maria Benintendi's nuptial chamber in Florence, mentioned by Vasari, VI, 455. For further Spalliera panels see "Cassoni," Nos. 826-830. In contrast to Franciabigio's dark and heavy tones Bacchiacca can be recognized by his glassy lightness of colour and by his effective arrangements, which make his later portraits as piquant in appearance as they are empty of content. He portrays Court ladies of the period of



LEDA WITH THE SWAN

Lucerne, Herr Böhler

Bacchiacca

Cosimo I like valuable zoological specimens. Our picture of Leda also seeks effect above all. It is as far removed from Leonardo as from the genuine old cassone style. A new style of painting, the cabinet picture, has come into being, which leans on the earlier Florentine art without having inherited either its honesty or its fresh vitality and *naïveté*. Leonardo's late pictures are his weakest. But it was just these that were endlessly copied and still further debased.



LA BURLA: A Joke Played on Piovano Arlotto

By Baldassare Franceschini (Volterrano)

THE STORY OF A PICTURE

By YOÏ MARAINI

THE beautiful picture, painted in tempera about 1630, called "La Burla di Piovano Arlotto," has now been taken from the Uffizi to the Pitti Gallery, where, in the Volterrano room, one of the fifteen new rooms added to the Palatine Gallery, it will be, as it has always been, a subject of discussion and admiration.

The colour and gaiety of the picture entrances people; not only those who ask every picture to tell a story, but even those who know the Florentine galleries well, stand in front of it to ask: "What is it all about? Who was Piovano Arlotto?" Perhaps a guide, in faltering English or French, tries to explain "Piovano—funny man"; but, as a rule, people

pass by knowing nothing about this work of art that has a long and interesting story.

A few days ago I was wandering about in the yet unopened rooms of the Pitti, when I found the "Burla" on the floor ready to be hung. Comm: Tarchiani, Director of the Gallery, and Count Carlo Gamba, who is arranging this set of rooms, were talking near by. This was a chance, I thought, of getting to know something about the picture, and I asked them to tell me what they knew. We talked for some time, but they told me that Professor Giglioli of the Uffizi was more of an authority on the picture; and I went to him. After a talk with him I went to the Archæological Museum to ask the great Etruscan scholar,

The Story of a Picture



VENAL LOVE *By Baldassare Franceschini (Volterrano)*

Professor Minto, about the tomb (Etruscan) under the castle in the picture; and now I can write of the knowledge I have gleaned from all these scholars who have talked to me about this delightful painting.

For many years the "Burla" was marked "By Giovanni da San Giovanni"; it was only after long study of the archives and other pictures by Volterrano (Baldassare Franceschini, 1611-89) that Comm: Odoardo Giglioli proved it to be, not by San Giovanni, but by Volterrano. In the inventory of the works of art at Poggio Caiano, of 1693, a picture is mentioned by Volterrano, in tempera, of Piovano Arlotto, and also in the early eighteenth century it is noted (then at the Pitti) as by Volterrano; but for the first time in 1863 the famous "Burla" was given to Giovanni da San Giovanni. To justify this attribution the name of Baldassare is mentioned, but Giglioli, in reading Baldassare's notes carefully, saw that he wrote of a picture in oil and another joke of the Piovano's. Whilst he was studying

the picture Giglioli found, in comparing it with an undisputed Volterrano of Venus biting the arrow ("Venal Love"), that the head of Venus is very like, in painting and in movement, to the head of the young man biting at a bone; the eyes of both are slightly oblique, far from the nose, with the eyebrows raised, a characteristic of the painting of Volterrano. The picture of "Venal Love" is now hung by the "Burla," and when the new set of rooms is opened, as it will be in a few weeks, all can judge of the extraordinary likeness of Venus to the young man.

And now to the Piovano (parish priest). Arlotto Mainardi was born in Florence, on a day of Carnival in 1396, and after many adventures became priest of the parish of San Cresci, near Fiesole. Though for more than five hundred years he has been dead, his jokes and witty sayings are still quoted by all true Florentines, and a book of his jokes still has an enviable sale amongst workmen and peasants. His portrait, by Giovanni da San Giovanni, is hung above the "Burla."

The joke represented in the picture by Volterrano is, that once when the Piovano was asked to dine with friends, the host to tease



PIOVANO ARLOTTO *By Giovanni da San Giovanni*

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him arranged with his companions to send the Piovano to fetch wine from the cellar; whilst he was away they cleared the well-filled dishes. Arlotto must have guessed at this because, when he came back and they pretended to be sorry that there was nothing left for him, he said: "Oh, dear! And I have left the wine running from the cask." The angry host is seen hastily rising to rush to the emptying barrel. The jokes of the Piovano were many, and he invariably got the better of anyone who tried to put himself against him. He lived to the age of eighty-eight, having, long before, prepared his tomb in the church of San Cresci, with this epitaph—witty to the end:

THIS TOMB
THE RECTOR ARLOTTO
HAS MADE
FOR HIMSELF
AND FOR ANY WHO WISH TO ENTER.

He was buried, however, in the church of San Jacopo de' Preti in Florence, in 1484.

There are two volumes in German on the jokes of Arlotto printed, in 1910, by Albert Wisselski, who must have studied the merry life of the Piovano with very serious intention.

The castle at the back of the picture "La Mula," near Sesto, has been little altered from when Volterrano painted it, but the façade is closed and raised, where once the open loggia gave character to the house. Its round shape marks the Etruscan tomb on which it was built. It is one of the most famous of the Etruscan tombs of that shape, though, unfortunately, at some long-ago time, it was robbed of all that would now be of such great interest to students of these mysterious people. On the entrance door of the tomb there is the name of a visitor with the date 1494, but perhaps even at that date the tomb was empty.

THE CITADEL-MUSEUM OF VERONA

By SELWYN BRINTON

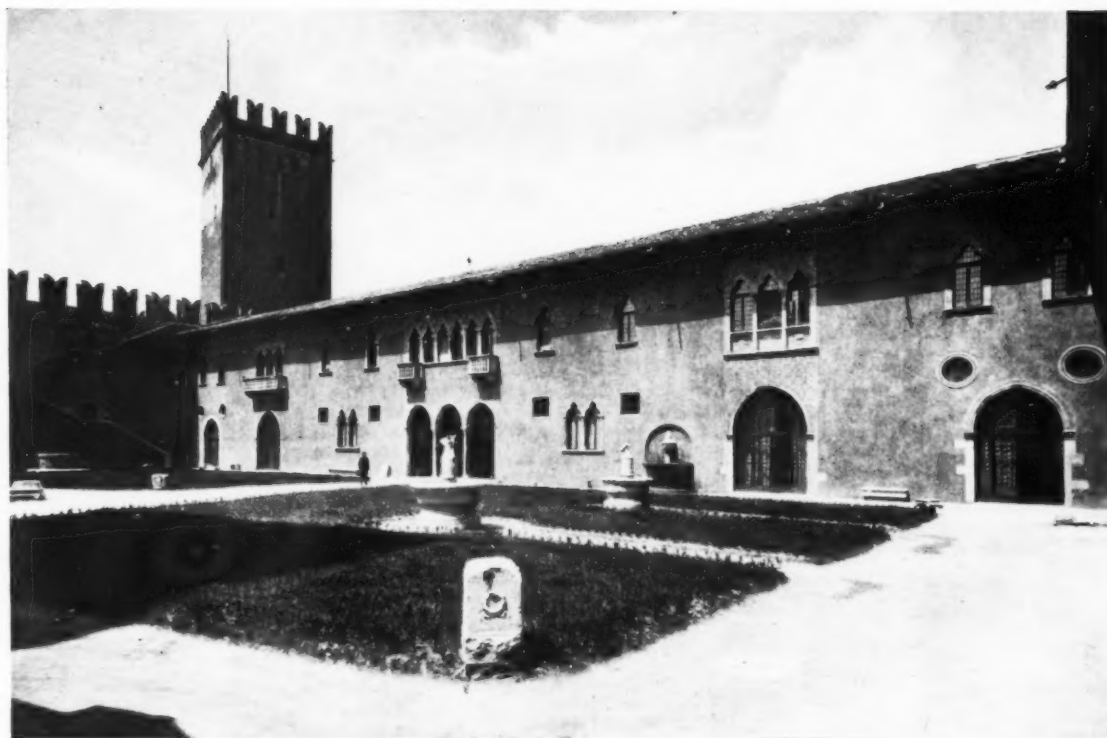


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IT would be no exaggeration to say that the present Museum of Verona enjoys a setting unequalled in the world. As a lover of "Verona la Degna," and a student of her fascinating art for more than twenty years, I had long felt the older museum was hardly worthy of those creations of Liberale, Girolamo dei Libri, Morone, Bonsignori, Caroto and Cavazzuola and, yet again, that most delightful of all the Primitives, Stefano da Zevio: an opportunity occurred to house this admirable collection in the Castel Vecchio, the ancient castle of Can Grande and the Scaligeri, later used for centuries as a barrack, and this opportunity has been seized and taken advantage of to the full. Whatever the merits of the Palazzo Lavezzola Pompei, which bears the great name as architect of Sanmicheli, and has housed the Museo Civico collection since 1854, it can bear no comparison with this superb medieval palace-castle of the Scaligeri, which, set in the very centre of the ancient city, dominates the bridge over the great river, still crowned, like the Castel Vecchio itself, with its forked

CASTEL VECCHIO:
Garden and Clock Tower
Photo: Bressanini

The Citadel-Museum of Verona



CASTEL VECCHIO: Courtyard and Venetian Façade of the Gallery

Photo: Bressanini

Ghibelline battlements. In a way, this old castle of Verona, now the home of her historic art, is even finer than the great Castello Sforzesco of Milan, because this latter is to a large extent a restoration, though a brilliant one, of the old Visconti and Sforza stronghold; while this Castel Vecchio of Verona is the very building itself, complete and practically untouched through all these ages. From the illustrations which I hope to include with this notice the reader will form some conception of the grand character of the old building, and will see that my claim for it is in no way exaggerated; and I shall now turn to the interior and endeavour to give here some record of its contents.

When we have traversed the immense courtyard and entered the castle itself, we turn at once to the right to commence our survey of the long series of great rooms which lie waiting us; and I may here direct attention to the magnificent trabeated ceilings and frequently ancient stone fireplaces which most—indeed, nearly all—of these rooms contain. We find this already in the second room (Sala

di Sanbonifacio), which contain two interesting paintings by G. B. Tiepolo—and where we see how he comes forward no less brilliantly as an etcher—and a painting by Lazzarini of that frequent theme of “Joseph and Potiphar’s Wife,” which has real merit. When we turn next to the right to follow the suite of rooms we find the grand ceilings and stone chimneys always with us; and here I cannot pass by a painting by Jordaens, its theme—that of “Susanna and the Elders”—almost as well worn as that just mentioned of Joseph, but which is a really magnificent example of the great Flemish master’s power of colour. Warm flesh tints of gold or rose—richly opulent in the faces of the two elders—fruit, peacocks, silks, and pearls and golden vessels combine to form a perfect feast of colour.

In the room following (Sala Giusti) the frescoes have survived, with scenes from classic mythology of “Neptune and the Tritons,” “Diana and Actæon,” and the “Judgment of Paris”; and it is really wonderful that these decorations should have survived as well as they show here, after these rooms had been

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used as a *caserma* (barrack) for centuries. It speaks well for the Italian occupants and the Austrian garrison who preceded them, and yet earlier the Venetians, who, however, we may believe to have been careful of Veronese monuments; and our thoughts come back to eighteenth-century Venice here in a sketch for a ceiling by G. B. Tiepolo, and some delightful small paintings by his brilliant contemporary, Francesco Guardi.

Passing through the Sala of the province

once come to the Veronese painters, for in the next two rooms we find Tintoretto, Titian, Romanino, and what I should myself incline to consider a very beautiful Sebastiano del Piombo; but then in the Sala Giuliani we are among the Veronese, who here in the Castle of Verona are quite at home. First, Francesco Morone—that typically Veronese (born at Verona 1473, died there 1529), the painter of the Olivetan monks in the frescoes of S. Maria in Organo, which Vasari praised so highly—



CASTEL VECCHIO: The Bridge of the Scaligeri and the Great Tower

Photo: Bressanini

of Verona, we go upstairs to arrive at the great salons of the first floor, now used for concerts and public gatherings. Over the door the date of MDLXXIIII fixes the period of this magnificent room, with its noble ceiling and frescoes below representing some triumphal procession; while at the end of the room the great organ wings by Bernardino of Murano, with the Virgin Annunciate and S. Benedict from the church of the Benedictines of S. Zeno, in its splendidly decorative character introduces us to the pictures, about which I have now to say something. We do not at

with a gem of his art, the "Nativity"; then the "Virgin and Child" with four saints; and in the next room the "Baptism of Christ" with its lovely attendant angels. We love Morone for his beauty of type and rich warm colour; and, beside him, Paolo Moranda, called Cavazzuola, seems colder, severe, and gem-like.

For this Veronese school—as I have suggested earlier in this notice—is one of exceptional interest. It is a side stream, apart from the main current of Italian art, though the influence of the great Mantegna does come through from neighbouring Padua and Mantua;

The Citadel-Museum of Verona



SALA OF CAN GRANDE, with Cases of Robes taken from his Tomb

Photo : Bressanini



CASTEL VECCHIO: Sala of Stefano of Verona

Photo : Bressanini

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and it has something of the delicate and detailed beauty of the miniaturist, for such masters as Liberale and Girolamo dei Libri had been trained in the art of miniature. And lastly, though they do appear without (our National Gallery has a masterpiece of Girolamo's art) to know these painters, they must be studied in Verona herself, in her churches and, above all, in this Museum of the Castel Vecchio. For the best of them are all here—Falconetto, Morone, Gianfrancesco Caroto, Girolamo himself, and, more than all, Cavazzuola, in his magnificent altarpiece in many panels of scenes from Christ's Passion, which centres in the nobly conceived "Descent from the Cross." His drawing here is superb; his colour cold, brilliant, gem-like; and with him the school of Verona comes already into the sixteenth century, into the influence of Raphael, but to find a splendid sequence in the great Venetian Paolo of Verona.

From these rooms we now may wander up to the battlements and look down upon the old bridge which formerly connected this castle of Can Grande della Scala with the city (Borgo Trento) on the left bank of the Adige. All around us here extends the vast castle with its forked battlements, capable of holding a vast garrison; with its great central

tower, every floor of which—I was told—had its water supply secured so as to be able to hold out to the end; and beneath us lie below the rushing river, the stretching city; far away the distant purple mountains. When we descend from that wonderful view yet further rooms await us and more paintings—

Defendente de' Ferrari, Francia, Falconetto in his finely conceived "Augustus and the Sybil," and a most wonderful painted *cassone* attributed to the Veronese Francesco Torbido, a pupil probably of Liberale, whose noble "Knight with his Squire" of the Uffizi had been given to Giorgione.

But I shall leave the paintings here with one artist, perhaps the most attractive of them all. Stefano da Zevio, called "of Verona," was perhaps a scholar of Pisanello and grandfather of Girolamo dei Libri. Like this latter, he is a miniaturist in feeling; but his work here (and here alone he can

be studied), which has been attributed to Pisanello, has a quaint charm in his "Virgin and Child with Saints" and his "Madonna of the Quail" (*della quaglia*), which place him apart as the most delightful of the Primitives. It is in this part of the castle, in the Sala di Can Grande, that we find some very interesting relics of the great Prince of Verona, the Lord of Vicenza and Padua, the friend and patron of Dante. When Can



CASTEL VECCHIO: Sala Cignaroti

Photo: Bressanini

The Citadel-Museum of Verona

Grande's tomb was opened in 1921, the body, which had been embalmed, was found still wrapped in beautiful brocaded robes and grasping the hilt and part of the blade (the rest had crumbled) of his great sword. The damask fabric on which the body rested is inwoven with Arabic characters, and all these priceless relics are to be seen in this room: even if we feel the great warrior and ruler might have been better left undisturbed, they form a valuable record of medieval Verona.

For Verona in those days was a great city under her own Princes, the rival of Milan or

Ferrara or Mantua; but when she came under the mainland power of Venice it was a rule just and generous, and one which spared her art and great buildings—such as this Castel Vecchio—almost unchanged for our present use and delight. It is a medieval casket, holding priceless treasures of her local art. For this school of Verona has its own peculiar charm; and in the evening, as I think over my visit over a glass of *vino di Soave* from Verona's hillsides, those Virgins of Girolamo and Stefano, those loveliest angels of Caroto are a haunting memory.

THE DISCOVERY OF A LOST ORIGINAL BY FRANZ HALS

IN 1916 the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh received from Mr. J. J. Moubray, of Naemoor, the gift of a picture bearing the monogram of Franz Hals. The painting portrayed a bearded man with a full moustache and a red hat, grasping firmly in his right hand a glass of wine. The history of the picture was of no help in settling the authenticity of the monogram. All that was known of it was that it had appeared as "The Toper" by Hals in the sale of Sir J. Chandos Reade's at Christie's in 1895, and that subsequently it had been bought from Messrs. Agnew by Mr. Moubray.

The rapid, decisive brush-strokes with which the forms were constructed, however, and the general air of mastery in the rendering of the transient, lively expression of the sitter, marked it as a genuine Hals. The paleness of the colour and the fullness of the palette argued that it was an early work, although the freedom of the brushwork and the verve tallied better with the qualities of a rather later period. It was officially catalogued as an early picture by Hals, but certain unusual signatures led to some doubt as to the correctness of this attribution. The crimson of the hat was not in Hals's manner, and the monogram was a little unusual; so that, although Dr. de Groot had catalogued it as by Hals on its appearance at the Christie's sale, it never found its way into any of the standard *catalogues raisonnés* of the artist's work.

The authenticity of the official attribution was therefore by no means certain when a year or more ago Dr. A. Martin de Wild, the son of Mr. de Wild, the well-known picture restorer of The Hague, was called in to report on the condition of the Dutch pictures in the gallery. In the course of his examination of "The Toper" certain tests suggested to Dr. de Wild that the painting of the hat might be a later addition, and in the hope of settling the question it was decided to have the picture X-rayed. This work was undertaken by Dr. M. Woodburn Morison, and after several attempts a photograph was obtained which showed that not only was the hat an addition, but that there was also some repainting in the region of the wine-glass. On the other hand, the monogram stood the test as an original part of the painting.

A new element was introduced into the problem by Dr. H. Schneider, an assistant in The Hague Gallery. He drew the attention of Dr. de Wild to the existence of a print by a Dutch engraver, Jan van der Velde, a contemporary of Hals, which showed an engraved portrait of the same sitter in the same pose as in Hals's painting, but in reverse, without a hat and holding, not a wine-glass, but the jawbone of an ass. With the engraving as a guide it was possible to make out in the picture itself signs of hair beneath the hat and traces of some other object beneath the wine-glass, which extended beyond it under the

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THE TOPPER: Before Restoration
Photo: Annan and Sons



THE TOPPER: After Restoration
Photo: Annan and Sons

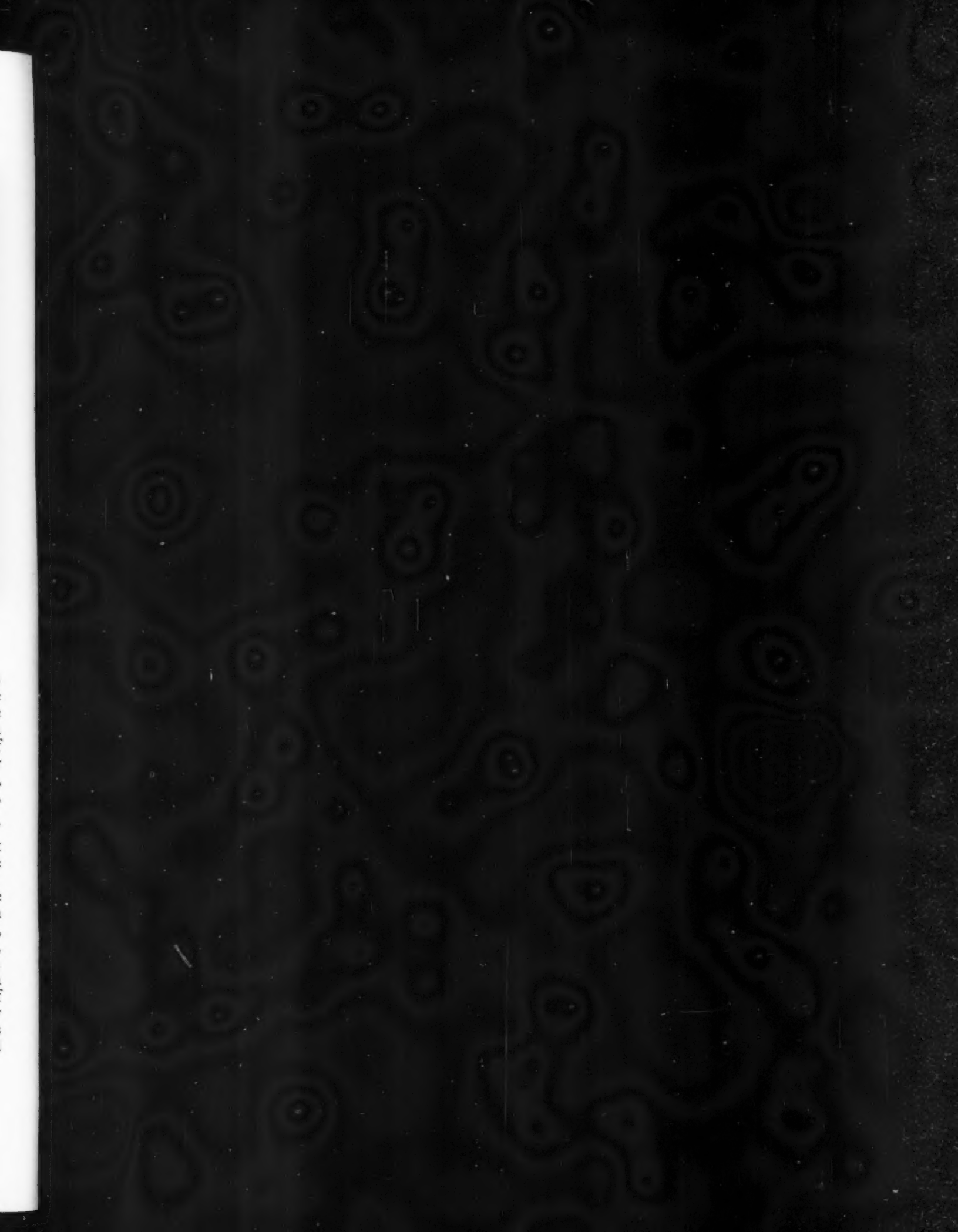
surrounding paint. This discovery, taken in conjunction with the results of the X-ray, led the authorities to decide to take the risk of removing the repainting; and this was done in London last July in the presence of the Director and the Keeper.

The result was even more successful than could have been expected. The original painting appeared intact and undamaged beneath the overpaint, and the original of van der Velde's engraving was disclosed. The engraving appears in Dr. Bode's work on Hals as "after" a lost original. The restitution of a lost original to Hals's *œuvre* is interesting enough, but the rediscovery has an added interest in that the identity of the sitter is known to us from the engraving. Beneath the latter appears a rhymed inscription which describes the sitter as Verdonek, a well-known joker of Hals's circle in Haarlem, one of whose plays was to slap all and sundry with his jawbone—a practice which the inscription tells us eventually landed him in the workhouse.

The combination of the pale colour of the

early period with a bolder handling than is usual to it is explained by the person of the sitter. In painting a friend, Hals could give full rein to his audacity, as he could not in a commissioned work. There are a number of other panels of about the same period similar to this one in that respect. Such, for example, is the series of studies of laughing children, two of which are in the Glasgow Museum.

The assurance with which the "Verdonek" is carried out is proof of a later date than that of either of the two dated early pictures in the Haarlem Gallery, the Jacobus Zaffius of 1611 and the "Banquet of the Officers of the St. George's Shooting Company of 1616." On the other hand, the unusual form of monogram, as compared with those in other pictures, suggests a date before 1623 or thereabouts. We may take 1620 as about the year in which it was painted. It is interesting, by way of closing, to notice that a version of the Glasgow picture appeared recently for sale in Paris which followed the lines of the repainted picture and not the original.





LATER ITALIAN MAIOLICA—II*

By W. B. HONEY



FIG. I.
PLAQUE, painted in
colours
Signed *Dr. F. Grueft*
Diameter 9½ in.
CASTELLI;
early eighteenth century
Mr. W. Ridout's
collection

THE characteristic Italian practice of painting on pottery dishes pictures in more or less naturalistic style is one whose propriety lies open to question on several grounds. The purist naturally objects that the result is a lamentable hybrid, neither painting nor pottery. It is an excellent doctrine that the pottery decorator should attempt no more than to invent a composition in some way related to the form of a vessel, and to execute it in a true potter's medium—by the manipulation of clays, or by the use of earthy pigments for brushwork that will lose in vitality in so far as it ignores its peculiar and exacting conditions and adopts the methods of the painter in oil or gouache. It happens that no pottery was ever more triumphantly successful within these limits than the early maiolica—the drug-vases of the last twenty years of the fifteenth century, for instance. And it was probably this very success that turned the art from one predominantly concerned with useful, if very splendid, wares to

a manufacture of purely decorative objects. The *piatto di pompa* became the characteristic production, and by the middle of the sixteenth century the pictorial manner was almost universal on the finer sort of wares. The beauty of very much of this so-called Urbino-style maiolica must silence all *a priori* objections; in its favour may be pointed out further the absolute permanence of its fired colours, which today give us some notion of the original splendour of the contemporary Italian paintings in oil and tempera, paintings now “mellowed” to the admired golden tone. Again, the high temperature colours of the maiolica painter, unlike the enamels used on porcelain, are applied direct to the absorbent raw glaze, and inevitably call for a bold masculine style. This special difficulty brings its particular reward.

Though the pictorial style by reaction suffered some loss of popularity in the seventeenth century, it was never wholly out of favour in Italy. At Castelli, in the Abruzzi, close by Naples, the tradition was still alive in 1619, the date of a plaque at South Kensington;

* The first article of this series appeared in our September issue.



FIG. II.
PLATE, painted in
colours
Diameter 9½ in.
CASTELLI;
late seventeenth or early
eighteenth century
*Mr. W. Ridout's
collection*



FIG. III. PLAQUE, painted in colours. Width 10½ in. CASTELLI; about 1740
Mr. W. Ridout's collection

Later Italian Maiolica

one "Antonius Lollus a Castellis" signed some works also dating from this period. But Castellis did not rise to great importance until the latter part of the seventeenth and the early eighteenth century, when the factory, or rather, factories, there definitely set a fashion. We even find marked Urbino works of this period done in the Castellis style; from Urbana (Castel Durante) came a specimen signed "G. Rocco de Castellis 1732," and pieces in the same manner were painted at Savona by Agostino Ratti, dated in the 1720's. This Castellis style is marked by a novel restricted scale of tones, avoiding the strong reds and greens of the sixteenth-century wares. Designs as before were seldom entirely original inventions; compositions by popular painters were freely adapted, doubtless from engravings. Two families, the Grue and the Gentili, seem to have owned the principal factories. By

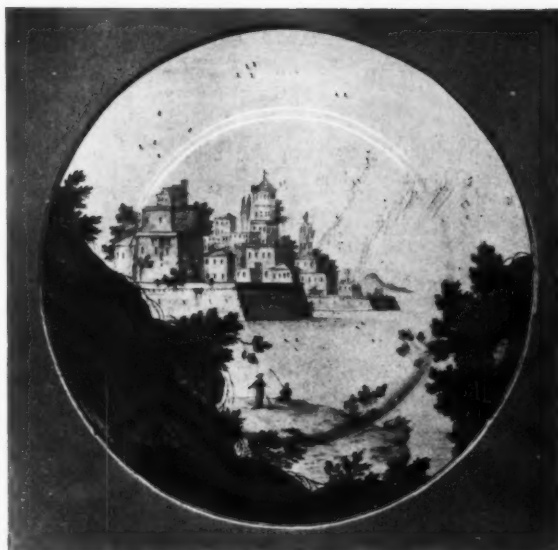


FIG. IV. PLATE, painted in colours
Signed *Bartt Terchij Bassano*. Diameter 7½ in.
BASSANO; about 1730
British Museum



FIG. V. PLATE, painted in colours
Diameter 13 in. SIENA; dated 1747
By *F. M. Campani*
Victoria and Albert Museum

a member of the former, Francesco Antonio, there exist some signed pieces of the middle of the seventeenth century, but the most characteristic Castellis is the work of his son, Carlo Antonio (1655-1723), and his four grandsons, Francesco Antonio II (1686-1746), Anastasio, Aurelio, and Liborio (d. 1776), and their pupils. The second Francesco, who was a doctor, and sometimes signed his work with the title (as in Fig. I), left a son, Saverio, who eventually became director of the Capodimonte porcelain works. The signed work of the Gentili family covers an equally long period. Bernardino (d. 1683), Carmine (b. 1678), Giacomo (b. 1717), and Bernardino II (1727-1813) were the principal members. Figs. I, II, and III show three distinct variants of the Castellis style. There is a quite peculiarly Italian charm in the easy, almost careless, mastery of the borders (such as that in Fig. II) with their flowers, *putti*, and architectural motives.

Two classes evidently influenced by Castellis, but quite distinct, comprise the work done by Bartolommeo Terchi of Rome, Ferdinando Maria Campani



FIG. VI. PLAQUE, painted in colours
By F. M. Campani
Height 8½ in., width 10 in. SIENA; about 1730
Victoria and Albert Museum

of Siena and their followers. Terchi worked first at San Quirico, a place between Chiusi and Siena, where a factory was founded by Cardinal Chigi in 1714; later at Siena (a signed piece is dated *Bartolommeo Terchi Romano 1727 Siena*); and at Bassano. The characteristically dramatic piece shown in Fig. IV is of this last period. Campani favoured the pale tones of Castelli rather than the sombre browns and blacks of Terchi, his predecessor at Siena. The plate in Fig. V is a characteristic version of a painting by Bassano, and the plaque in Fig. VI is a very graceful and perhaps original composition which has been erroneously attributed to Raphael.

It is noteworthy that the Castelli and kindred styles were purely Italian, as were, in fact, most of those of the seventeenth century. Traces of Dutch and French influence, as well as Chinese, may be detected in the Savona blue and white, but on the whole these and the other "useful wares" were definitely Italian in inspiration. Towards the end of the seventeenth

century, however, the French factories, more particularly those of Rouen in the north and of Moustiers in the south, joined the Delft potters in competition with Italy for the European market. The French name for their productions, *faïence*, is interesting evidence of the part played by Faenza, which doubtless had continued to supply a foreign market throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The southern French wares now began to be imitated in Italy, for the most part in newly-founded factories. An Italian note is distinctly recognizable in the strong colour and freedom of handling in many surviving pieces attributable to some north Italian potteries of this time. We have literary evidence of the existence in the eighteenth century of flourishing factories at Venice, at



FIG. VII. PLATE, painted in colours, the figure-subject in greyish-green monochrome. Diameter 11½ in. Probably LE NOVE; middle of eighteenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum

Later Italian Maiolica

Le Nove and Treviso in the same neighbourhood, and at Milan, Lodi, and Pesaro, but as their productions were generally unmarked we have little but questionable traditions to guide us in identifying them. Le Nove, established at the latest by 1728, was undoubtedly a very important centre. An early tureen at South Kensington marked "NO^{ve} G.B.A.B." (for Gian Battista Antonibon), and painted with a coarse version of Moustiers, is of little use as a document. Other pieces, some marked with an N, traditionally ascribed to the factory, show painting of fine quality on a beautifully smooth enamel inclining to a bluish tone. The charming plate in Fig. VII is said to have been made at Treviso, but is more likely to be a Nove production. Some tureens in the form of vegetables, fishes, etc., and some richly-coloured painting of fruits are also to be ascribed to the latter. The motives on the tray in Fig. VIII



FIG. IX. CUP AND SAUCER, painted in green and brown
Cup, height 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.; Saucer, diameter 5 in.
SAVONA (Folco Factory); middle of eighteenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum



FIG. VIII. TRAY, painted in colours; length 12 in., width 9 in.
Probably LE NOVE; middle of eighteenth century
Capt. H. S. Reitlinger's collection

are French, but surely Italian in rendering and probably done at one of these two places.

Milan wares were more often marked, either with the name of the city or with the initials of F. Pasquale Rubati, who founded a second factory in rivalry with that of Felice Clerici about the middle of the eighteenth century. Milan wares were largely imitations of Chinese and European porcelain: cups and saucers with figure-subjects and plates with panelled decoration on a blue ground were included. Enamel-painted wares were made at Pesaro by Casali and Callegari about the same time, and other specimens in the same style are signed "Fabbrica di Maiolica fina di Monsieur Rolet in Urbino," with the dates 1772 and 1773. At Count Ferniani's (still existing) factory at Faenza were made some distinctive imitations of the *famille verte*. In general all these show a forlorn attempt to compete with porcelain: the bold use of high-temperature colours was abandoned for those over-glaze enamels which were a suitable, and, in fact, necessarily the chief, mode of decorating porcelain, but as a rule finicking and unsatisfactory on enamelled earthenware. In

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the cup and saucer shown in Fig. IX (which must date from the middle of the eighteenth century, precisely the time when porcelain was the universal rage) the older methods have survived in an original and very charming design painted in manganese-brown and strong copper-green. It belongs to a class, sometimes marked with a falcon, believed to have been made at the Folco factory at Savona, and we may recognize in it something of the traditional quality of Savona wares.

Enamelled earthenware could not hope to compete with porcelain on its own ground, and though it survived for a time on the tables of the less well-to-do it was finally driven out of existence, in Italy as everywhere else, by the marvellously cheap and efficient but much less likeable cream-coloured earthenware of Wedgwood and his fellows. By the end of the eighteenth century enamelled faience had virtually ceased to be made in Europe.

APOLLO

By C. K. JENKINS

KING, son of Leto, child of Zeus, never will I forget thee as I begin or as I end. But I will always hymn thee first and last and in the middle of my song." *

"Not to every man does Apollo show himself, but to him that is noble. Who sees him is great: who sees him not, that man is mean. We shall see thee, Far-shooter, and shall never be mean. . . . Golden are Apollo's dress and mantle, his lyre, and Lyctian bow and quiver: golden, too, are his sandals: for Apollo is rich in gold and in possessions . . . ever fair is he and ever young. Not even the down of manhood has ever shown on the delicate cheeks of Phæbus." †

"Sweet, Apollo, grow the end and beginning of men's work when a god started it." ‡

On every hand, in Greek literature and art, no theme was more welcome or more sublimely treated than the glorious beauty and majesty of Apollo. Yet this great god, the most Greek of all Greek divinities, the embodiment of all that was noblest in Greek thought, seems to have been originally not Greek at all. The old fancy that he was the national god of the Dorians, whom they brought southwards in their migration, is now discarded. It seems plain that Apollo, like Dionysus, was a foreign



FIG. I. APOLLO KILLING PYTHON
Enlarged from a coin of Croton

god, who was adopted into the circle of the Olympian deities in the broadminded Greek way. Our earliest picture of Apollo, in the "Iliad," shows him favouring the Trojans and punishing the Greeks, to avenge the insulting behaviour of Agamemnon. "He came down from the heights of Olympus with rage in his heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and close-covered quiver . . . and he sped like the night." * So he shot his arrows, and smote men and beasts with

pestilence. Evidently this was no Greek god. We see this clearly in the Homeric Hymn, for "the gods tremble before him when he passes along the hall of Zeus. And they all start up from their seats as he comes near, when he bends his mighty bow. Leto alone stays by Zeus, who rejoices in the thunderbolt." †

According to Poulsen, ‡ Apollo came originally from Lycia, and his mother's name is derived from "Lada," the Lycian for "woman." The fact that Leto is so prominent in the oldest poems, where Apollo is called "Letoides," "the son of Leto," bears out this theory, for the matriarchal system prevailed in Lycia. One of Apollo's many names, "Lycius," to which we owe our Lyceum and the French their Lycée, is thus simply

* Theognis I. † Callimachus, *Hymn II*. ‡ Pindar, *Pyth.* x, 10.

* Homer, *Il.* 1, 44. † *Hymn to Apollo*, 2. ‡ Delphi, p. 2 ff.

Apollo



FIG. II. APOLLO AND HERACLES (Phintias Vase)
By the courtesy of Messrs. Bruckmann

explained as "the Lycian," and it is not necessary to seek to derive the name from the Greek word for a wolf, or to try to find the original meaning of the name Apollo.

The two great centres of the worship of Apollo were Delos and Delphi, neither of which came into real prominence until later than Homer's "Iliad."* In the "Odyssey" we find Odysseus telling the Princess Nausicaa that he has never seen mortal man or woman to compare with her slender grace. "At Delos once I saw the young shoot of a palm growing up by the altar of Apollo," he says, adding that her bright young beauty moved him as the sight of the fresh green tree had done in the holy island.† From the Homeric "Hymn to Apollo" we learn how Leto, wandering in anguish, seeking a shelter where her children might be born, came at last to Delos, then a barren floating rock. But at Apollo's birth all was changed. Golden foundations secured the island, golden water filled the lake and the river, golden foliage and golden flowers covered the golden earth. Nor was music lacking, for "swans, the god's singing minstrels, left Mæonian Pactolus and circled seven times round Delos, and the Muses' birds, most musical of flying fowls, sang over the bed of childbirth. Therefore the child in later days bound on the lyre seven strings, as many as the strains which the swans sang when he was born."‡

* The oracle at Delphi is not mentioned in the *Iliad* unless the scholiast's interpretation of ἀφύτρος in *Il.* ix, 404, as "prophet" is correct.

† *Od.* VI, 162.

‡ Callimachus, IV, 249.

Brightness, beauty, and purity were the main characteristics of Apollo, and especially of Apollo as worshipped in Delos. So sacred was the island through his birth that in historic times no birth, death, or burial was allowed to take place there. It will be remembered that after Socrates had been condemned he was not put to death until the holy ship sent annually by Athens to Delos had returned, as during the absence of the ship there was thought to be such specially close contact with the island that the infliction of the death penalty at Athens would sully the purity of Apollo's birthplace.

Immediately after Apollo's birth the goddess Themis fed him with nectar and ambrosia, the food of the gods, and he at once spoke among the Immortals, claiming as his own "the lyre and the curved bow and the right to declare to men the sure counsel of Zeus."*

Even more important than Apollo's sanctuary at Delos was his great oracular seat at Delphi. But here he did not have undisputed possession. When he came to Delphi, according to one story, he was only four days old, and the oracle belonged to Ge, the earth-goddess, who had set the dragon Python to

* *Hom. Hymn.* 131.



FIG. III. APOLLO RIDING ON WINGED TRIPOD
From a vase painting

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watch over it. Apollo slew the dragon, and so gained the title Pythian, by which he is often called (Fig. I). But as he had incurred blood-guiltiness by killing the dragon, he had to go into exile to the vale of Tempe for purification, and from there he returned in triumph, bearing the sacred laurel in his hand. In historic times a festival called Stepterion was held every ninth year at Delphi, when a mime was acted to commemorate the slaying of Python. A Delphian boy of noble birth, with an escort of boys and holy women, marched in silence to a shed representing the abode of Python, and set it on fire. Then they all went to Tempe and were purified by sacrifice at an altar, coming back to Delphi along the Sacred Way, with laurel in their hair. The crowns for the victors in the Pythian games were made of the laurel which the boys brought back from Tempe.

The death of Python was also commemorated at the great Pythian festival by the performance of the *Nomos Pythikos*, which was what we should call a symphonic poem for the flute, harp, and trumpet. Apollo's search for the dragon and his challenge were given on the flute: trumpet blasts represented the stretching of his bow and the flight of his arrows, and the flute came in again for the



FIG. V. APOLLO. Eucharides vase



FIG. IV. APOLLO. Berlin vase

By the courtesy of Messrs. Bruckmann

dying yells of Python. The performance ended with Apollo's dance of victory.*

As soon as Apollo had established himself at Delphi, he had to arrange for the supply of priests and servants in his temple. The Homeric Hymn tells us how he espied a Cretan ship approaching. Then, taking upon him the likeness of a dolphin (*delphis*), he sprang into the sea, and guided the ship to the bay of Crisa, where he resumed his own form and bade the Cretans become his priests.

The actual responses of the oracle were always given by the Pythian priestess, who had to be an elderly, freeborn Delphian woman, of unsullied life, but with no pretence of learning. Dressed in the festal attire of a young girl, after fasting and bathing in the water of Castalia, she inhaled the fumes of burnt laurel, and then took her seat upon the sacred tripod and waited for inspiration by the god. The French excavations have shown that there were no currents of strange subterranean vapours which could affect her, and there is no reason to suppose that her condition was not genuine. A highly-strung, nervous woman, as the Pythia certainly was, would be naturally susceptible to the spiritual and physical

* See Poulsen, *Delphi*, p. 7. Cf. Paus. II, 22, 9.

Apollo



FIG. VI
HEAD OF CASSEL APOLLO



FIG. VII
HEAD OF STATUETTE
(Gardner)



FIG. VIII
HEAD OF TIBER APOLLO

influences of Delphi, and it seems most likely that a person with psychic gifts would be chosen to act as the god's intermediary. It was the duty of the priests to cast the responses into metrical form, and it may be that they purposely made them ambiguous on occasion.

By the institution of the Pythian festivals at Delphi a quite unique bond was created between Greeks of all States and all classes, and between all branches of art. The great Pythian festival, held every four years, was at first concerned only with competitions in music, poetry, and painting. Athletic contests were added later, but the artistic competitions always held the first place. In the French excavations two victorious hymns, dating from 138 and 128 B.C., were found engraved on the walls of the Treasury of the Athenians at Delphi. As it has been possible to transcribe the musical signs into modern notation, these hymns, which were written for a chorus of about fifty voices, accompanied by harps and flutes, are very important for the study of Greek music.

Apollo's difficulties at Delphi were not ended by the slaying of the dragon. The great god Dionysus came to Delphi after Apollo. When and whence he came is uncertain, but, with the generous goodwill which always characterized Apollo, he admitted Dionysus to share his honours in Delphi as his brother. The discovery of a shrine of Dionysus at Delos seems to indicate that there, too, he shared

Apollo's honours. The sacred omphalos at Delphi, the stone which marked the centre of the earth, was often held to be the grave, not of Python, but of Dionysus, who ruled in Delphi during the three winter months when Apollo was absent.

The coming of Dionysus was peaceful; but a more disturbing event was the arrival of Heracles at Delphi after he had murdered Iphitus, to inquire of the oracle how he might be purified from blood-guiltiness. When the priestess gave him no answer, he rushed madly into the temple and tried to carry off the sacred tripod. Apollo resisted his attempt, and the battle between them and the defeat of Heracles were a favourite subject in all branches of Greek art (Fig. II).

As might almost be expected from the bright god of light and beauty, Apollo did not remain the whole year in Delphi and Delos, but in the winter he migrated to the distant land of the Hyperboreans, whence he was recalled in the spring by special hymns. Sometimes he rode back on a swan or a griffin; at others on a winged tripod (Fig. III). Though much has been written about the mysterious Hyperboreans, little is known beyond the fact that offerings were sent in historic times to Delos, which were supposed to have started originally from the Hyperboreans' land, wherever that might be. Probably the most likely interpretation of the name hitherto suggested is that it denoted the

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couriers who carried the offerings from place to place on their way to Delos.*

In primitive Greek art Apollo was represented by a pillar or sacred stone, like all the other deities. The oldest vases show him bearded and clothed, but in the earliest statues that have come down to us he is already young. Whether all the so-called "Apollos" actually represent the god, or whether they are merely conventional figures made for dedication, is a question that at present cannot be decided. Probably our best course is to suppose that some of the statues represent the god, others his worshippers. Since Apollo was the patron of youth, a greater archer than Heracles, a better boxer than Pollux, he was naturally shown as a nude athletic figure of magnificent proportions.† We can be sure that every sculptor of note made at least one statue of Apollo, but, with the usual Greek conservatism, the same types continued with very slight variation.

One of the most striking instances is the well-known Apollo Belvedere, now generally considered to be a late copy of a statue by Leochares, who worked in the fourth century B.C. But if we turn to vases and coins, we find the type existing more than a hundred years before Leochares. On an amphora ascribed to the Berlin painter (Fig. IV), where Apollo is fighting Heracles for the tripod, and another by the Eucharides painter (Fig. V),

where he is slaying Tityos, we have two independent drawings obviously reminiscent of a statue.* It is certain that a vase painter would not originate a new type, and the conception is decidedly sculptural and not pictorial. Further

confirmation is afforded by coins of Leontini, which bear a head of Apollo that cannot be later than the beginning of the fifth century B.C., and closely resembles the head on the vases. While it is impossible to make a definite ascription, I think we may reasonably conjecture that the drawings and coins may represent a lost statue by Calamis, who was especially remarkable for the delicate grace of his work. As both vase paintings show Apollo in the act of preventing a wrong deed, I cannot help thinking that we may have here Calamis's famous Apollo Alexikakos (avertor of evil). The cloak and the position of the figure of Aristogeiton seem to have been suggested to the sculptors of the group of the Tyrannicides by this statue, which we may roughly date at about 480 B.C., just when we know Calamis to have been working.

We have a very different type in the so-called Choiseul Gouffier Apollo in the British Museum, which is certainly a representation of the god. From the great prominence of the muscles and veins, this statue is most likely a copy

of an Apollo by Pythagoras,† who was said to be the first sculptor to indicate them carefully.



FIG. IX. APOLLO
By the courtesy of Sir Herbert Cook, Bt.

* Rendel Harris suggests in *J.H.S.*, vol. xlv, 1925, that the offerings consisted of amber and apples, and that the name of Apollo was derived from the apple tree. In support of this theory he points out that names along the northern trade route are obviously connected with Apollo. But since Apollo was the god mainly concerned with colonies, is it not more likely that these places were Greek colonies called after the name of the god as their founder? The worship of Apollo was so widespread and so comprehensive that his name can scarcely have been derived from an apple. And it would be hard to account for his great position in Xanthus and Patara unless he were Asiatic by origin.

† As on the west pediment at Olympia.

* The only important difference is in the position of the right hand.

† Walston suggested long ago that the statue was a copy of a work by Pythagoras, but the quiver in the Torlonia copy in Rome shows that he was mistaken in thinking that the statue was that of a boxer. The strap on the support in some copies is shown by a lately discovered copy in Naples to be the quiver strap (cf. the Cassel Apollo). Another copy of the head, now in the British Museum, was found in the temple of Apollo at Cyrene, a most unlikely place for the statue of a boxer. Again, coins of Leontini bear a head of Apollo remarkably like that of the statue, and it has been noticed that this statue is in the same attitude as the standing figure on coins of Athens.

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There are so many extant copies that the original must have been much admired, and the work of a famous sculptor, and we know that Pythagoras made at least one Apollo.

All the great gold and ivory cult statues of Apollo are lost, and we have chiefly marble copies of bronze originals. The finest extant statue is the so-called Cassel Apollo (Fig. VI), certainly copied from a bronze statue by Myron, of which we possess about ten replicas.* And one of the most beautiful is the Apollo found in the Tiber, now in the Terme Museum in Rome, which is generally thought to be a copy of an early work by Pheidias (Fig. VIII).

An interesting point has been raised by the discovery in Delos of a copy of the Diadumenos of Polyclitus, with a chlamys and quiver on the support. These attributes and the soft forms of the body show that the statue represented Apollo, and not an athlete. The question is, Did the original work represent Apollo, or was the statue of a beautiful youth converted for the nonce into a statue of the god? †

In the fourth century B.C., Apollo, like all the other gods, lost much of the dignity and aloofness which had raised him above the level of a mortal. The most charming statue of him in this later aspect is perhaps the so-called "Adonis" of the Vatican, of which we have several copies (Figs. IX, X, XI).‡ From the strong resemblance in pose and features to the "Eirene" at Munich we shall probably not be far wrong if we ascribe it also to Cephisodotus,

the father of Praxiteles, whose Apollo Sauroctonus has shed all his majesty and is merely an effeminate youth playing with a lizard.

In the "Anacharsis," Lucian describes the statue of the Lycean Apollo in the gymnasium at Athens: "You see his statue leaning on a pillar, with a bow in his left hand, and the right hand bent back above his head shows the god as resting after long toil."

It has been suggested long ago that this statue, of which we have several more or less close copies, may have been the work of Praxiteles. Through the kindness of Mr. Gregor Aharon, of New York, I am enabled to show in Fig. XII a lately discovered statuette of Parian marble in his possession which throws a new light on this question. In place of the exaggerated slimness and the expressionless face of the Apollino at Florence, which it otherwise closely resembles, we have in this statuette what is apparently a faithful copy, on a reduced scale (24 in. high), of a bronze original by Praxiteles. Not only is the body powerfully built like that of the Hermes, but the face unmistakably resembles the Leconfield head of Aphrodite, which is almost unanimously held to be from the hand of Praxiteles himself. The difference between the two heads lies in the subtle distinction of sex, and in the technique of bronze as compared with that of marble.*

According to Overbeck, not one extant copy has a pillar as support; nearly all have a tree, as in this case.

The arrangement of the hair, which has been held by some authorities to be Hellenistic,

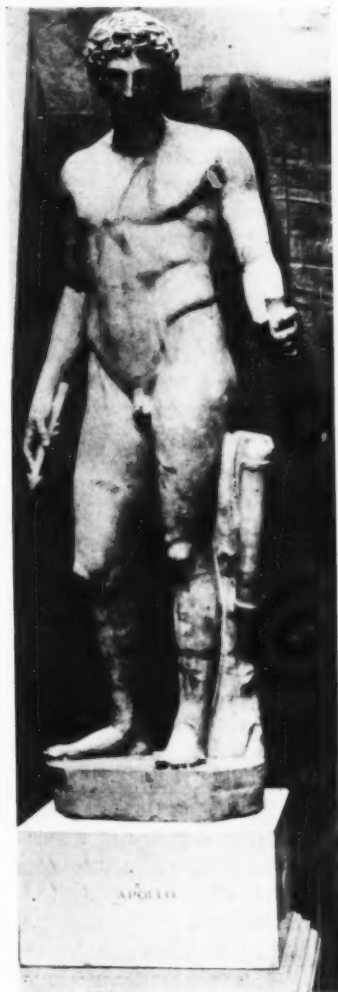


FIG. X. APOLLO
By the courtesy of Sir Herbert Cook, Bt.

* See the *Burlington Magazine*, April 1927. Through the kindness of Prof. E. A. Gardner I show in Fig. VII a photograph of a hitherto unpublished head of a statuette, which was found in Egypt and is now in his possession. This is so much like the Cassel Apollo that it is probably a miniature copy of another statue by Myron.

† See Hauser, in *Jahreshefte*, viii, 1905.

‡ Through the kindness of Sir Herbert Cook, Bt., I show in Figs. IX, X, XI his fine statue at Richmond, which seems to have preserved the character of the original better than the stiffer Vatican copy.

* The inscription respecting the building of the temple of Asclepius at Epidaurus (Inscr. gr. 1484) records that Timotheus, who was roughly contemporary with Praxiteles, was paid 900 drachmas to supply models for sculpture. The size and material of such models are not known, but they would probably be of some substance more lasting than clay. From the excellent workmanship and pronounced bronze technique of this statuette one is tempted to see in it such a model, meant to be carried out in bronze on a larger scale, rather than a reduced copy of an already existing statue. As to this point, *viderint sapientiores*.

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is shown by the Tiezkiewicz bronze statuette in Boston to have been in vogue in the fourth century B.C.

As god of music Apollo excelled in playing the lyre, whose seven strings commemorated the swans that circled seven times round Delos before his birth. Here, too, his pre-eminence was challenged, for the satyr Marsyas presumed to invite Apollo to a musical duel. Apollo agreed on the condition that if the Muses adjudged the victory to him Marsyas should be flayed alive. This contest and the punishment of Marsyas were always a favourite subject in sculpture and painting. Apollo, as leader of the Muses and inspired musician, was generally represented fully clothed in long trailing robes, with upturned face and rapt eyes.



FIG. XII.
THE LYCEAN APOLLO

By the courtesy of Mr. Grigor Aharon



FIG. XI. APOLLO

By the courtesy of Sir Herbert Cook, Bt.

The finest example of this type is the Apollo Citharædus in the Sala delle Muse in the Vatican (Fig. XIII). It seems likely that the fourth-century head from the Mausoleum in the British Museum, which is almost certainly an original by Scopas, belonged to a statue of this type. The so-called Pourtales head, also in the British Museum, apparently represents the same aspect of the god. A later statue in the British Museum from the temple of Apollo at Cyrene shows Apollo half draped, in an attitude curiously like that of the Venus of Milo.

At Delos the worship of Apollo was closely bound up with that of his twin sister Artemis. One of the main peculiarities of this great god is the feminine influence which persists throughout his character and his worship, in spite of all the different traits shown in the various localities. Here we seem to trace the result of his Asiatic origin. To the Greek mind there was nothing brutal or unpleasing in such scenes as the slaying of the Amazons by armed warriors. But Apollo was throughout conspicuous for his chivalry, even towards mortal women. When Niobe and her children had to be slain to avenge the insult to Leto, he left the daughters for Artemis to deal with, and only aimed his arrows at the sons. For the sake of Daphne, who altogether eluded him, he cherished the laurel; and in the case of Coronis, who was unfaithful to him, he called Artemis to inflict the punishment, and he was careful to save the life of her child.

Perfect truth distinguished this noblest of all the Greek gods. As Pindar tells us, he could not take part in a lie.* Unlike Zeus, he never stooped to subterfuge in his wooing. There is a spiritual height in Apollo which no other god

* *Pyth. ix, 42.*

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Photo : Alinari

FIG. XIII. APOLLO CITHARÆDUS

even partially reached. Perhaps we may connect this with the story that Apollo alone learned the lessons of humiliation and suffering. When he slew the Cyclopes, in revenge for the death of his son Asclepius, he was punished by having to serve a mortal for nine years.* He also had a great sorrow when he accidentally let the discus slip from his hand, and so killed the boy Hyacinthus, whom he loved. But he was never in any way a Chthonian deity, nor had he anything to do with the mysteries. As a prophetic god he only declared the will of Zeus; there was no dark side to his worship, as to that of Dionysus.

When the Delphic oracle was at its zenith, no really important event occurred without its being consulted. The sanction of the oracle had to be obtained before a colony could be founded, and it even gained the position of a court of arbitration to decide disputes between the different Greek States. No important alteration in religious procedure or ritual was allowable until it had been sanctioned by the oracle, which thus practically systematized religion throughout the Greek world.† Numbers of private and personal questions were also laid before the oracle, whose sway over all the Greek and even many non-Hellenic States can only be compared with that of such a shrine as Compostella or Canterbury in the Middle Ages.

We cannot overrate the importance of Delphi as a centre where all Greeks met on an equal footing, and where a religious conscience was gradually evolved, which laid stress upon the necessity of purity, not of body, but of soul. The maxim "Know thyself," inscribed on the wall of Apollo's great temple, thus took a new meaning, and became the basis of the teaching of Socrates.

* Euripides, *Alcestis*.

† See Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. iv.

GIORGIO DI CHIRICO

By FRANK RUTTER

AMONG the junior - senior painters of modern Italy none has more original force and distinction than Giorgio di Chirico. His art has passed through many phases since he left his native land to work in Paris, but in all its manifold aspects the art of this painter has always shown an individual viewpoint, a disposition to find his own subjects and to treat them in a characteristic way of his own.

I remember that in his first exhibition held in the gallery of M. Leonce Rosenberg at Paris, held at a time when cubist influence was still making square-shaped forms the vogue, I was particularly struck by what I can only describe as Chirico's ovoid treatment of human heads. His figure-subjects were surmounted by blank, featureless egg-shapes, by way of heads, and the extraordinary thing was that though no vestiges of eyes, nose or mouth could be found in these ovoids, yet somehow the figures were always full of expression, often poignant in their intensity. Chirico could not only suggest character completely and convincingly by pose and gesture; he could arouse a world of tragedy or pathos by the simple droop of a featureless head. Obviously a comparatively young painter who could execute this *tour de force* was possessed of very uncommon imaginative powers, as well as of technical gifts of a high order.

The first time I saw Chirico's work in England was at an exhibition of modern Italian art held some years ago in the Brighton



CHEVAUX SECABRANT

(At Messrs. Tooth's Galleries)

By Giorgio di Chirico

Corporation Art [Gallery. In this rather conservative collection Chirico tempered his art to the shorn lamb of British philistinism, and his few exhibits were of a naturalistic rather than of an imaginative or symbolic character. This time I was impressed by his entirely normal painting of the head of an Italian peasant girl; normal as regards vision, I mean, but by no means ordinary in the power of the draughtsmanship and in the lovely enamel-like quality of the translucent colour. Whereas earlier in Paris I had been struck by the imaginative power of the artist, here, in Brighton, I was equally impressed by the sterling qualities of the craftsman.

When due allowance is

made for the (literally) thousands of modern pictures I see every year, it says much for the haunting qualities in Chirico's painting that five years or so later I can visualize his "Mother and Child" and "Italian Peasant Girl" as clearly as I could a few weeks after I had seen them respectively in Paris and Brighton.

For my next memory of Chirico I return to Paris two or three years ago when, again at M. Leonce Rosenberg's gallery, I was fascinated by yet fresh aspects of Chirico's tireless but never fruitless empiricism. Two kinds of pictures then shown live vividly in my memory. The first was a set of horse pictures—usually horses by a seashore—pictures magnificent in the swirling contours of their linear design, and presenting horses so splendidly and substantially modelled that they set one thinking of the animals in the Elgin marbles.

Giorgio di Chirico



NATURE MORTE ANTIQUE *By Giorgio di Chirico*
(At Messrs. Tooth's Galleries)

Sculpturesque in form, these horses seemed to me to be pure Greek in feeling, and the classic grace of their emphatic outlines was becomingly set forth in an appropriately chaste scheme of cool colours in which whites, blues, and biscuit-tints predominated.

At the same time Chirico exhibited quite a new style of still-life, trophies of armour; new in painting, I think, though in sculpture we have seen them supporting the entrance gates to stately country houses. Only a few weeks ago I saw sculptured trophies of this character while passing on the road a well-known seat in Wiltshire. But to make these erections of Roman arms and armour the material for a picture is, so far as I know, a novelty in modern painting, which has ransacked the world and all its ages for fresh material. Anything can afford material for a picture to the right kind of painter, but in these classical trophies Chirico found something that had a remote, if ascetically intellectual, appeal to the historical imagination, as well as

an excuse for inventing creative designs distinguished by their noble sense of form and by a sensitiveness to rather pale aristocratic colour. Looking at them we feel they are the kind of still-life to which Mussolini might well give his official blessing, and at the same time they should be irresistible even to the most advanced of modern critics in their austere aloofness from sentimental associations.

And what has Chirico been doing during the past two years? He appears to have been reassembling and consolidating his various talents. One of his most interesting creations of last year, entitled "*Le Philosophe*," was a subtle blending of his earlier egg-headed figures, with the piled-up construction of his trophies. A feature of this seated figure, with a pile of books, scrolls, and statuary fragments heaped up in its lap, was its scorn of normal proportions. The armchair and lower limbs of the figure were small, out of all proportion to the head, arms, and trunk of the figure. But what did that matter? Chirico was not seeking to give the visual aspect of an actuality, but



LES AMOUREUX *By Giorgio di Chirico*
(At Messrs. Tooth's Galleries)

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to express an idea in plastic and pictorial terms. And these proportions were correct in idea if false physiologically, because nobody can deny that the lower limbs of a philosopher are less important and significant than his "upper part."

We may admire many things in the paintings of Chirico—his plastic construction, his sense of tactile values, the economical precision and firmness of his line; but we shall take an altogether wrong view of his work if, admiring the discernment of his eye and the obedience of his hand, we forget the part played by the controlling mind. In the work of Chirico there is always the expression of an idea; it is this philosophic content of his work which gives him a place apart among even the most vital of contemporary artists.

Of Chirico's productions during the present year, two only have come within my knowledge, both of which make manifest his profound respect for classical antiquity. One, "Gladiateurs Luttant," is a pyramidically composed figure-composition full of movement and yet having a certain statuesque or monumental

character. The heads are featureless, but the two gladiators are given conventional curly hair, which differentiates them from the spectator in a toga and the head seen in a portrait hanging on the wall. The other work, "Nature Morte Antique," is a fascinating medley of ancient and modern, for while the foreground is occupied by a group of fruit—grapes, melon, pears, and pineapple—beyond is a classic bust and through an opening we see the ruins of an Ionic temple. The power of the artist is seen to high advantage here in his realistic but economic rendering of the fruit, while his taste and intellectual refinement distinguish the whole design.

Now that Chirico is having his first one-man show in London, which is on view at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries, the British public has the opportunity of forming its own opinion on his work. Those who do not know it as yet will be certain to find it a most stimulating spectacle; those who do know his work will visit the exhibition with the equal certainty of finding there further evidence of Chirico's sterling craftsmanship and his alert mentality.

THE HENRY BROWN COLLECTION OF ENGLISH GLASS

II. DECLINE AND DECORATION

By W. A. THORPE

HAVING described the growth of an English idiom in the first part of this article we may now proceed to the devolution of this style from the coming of German influence (c. 1710) until the revival of heavy glassmaking in Ireland after 1780. This period is divided half-way by the Second Excise Act.* The year 1745, when that measure was passed, is a date of the first importance for the history of style in flint glass. Between 1710 and 1745 English glassmaking was artistically free, and the changes of those years were due to art or fashion. After 1745 the artistic will had to choose its expressions within the limits of a

narrower economy, and it found compensation for a loss of form in foreign modes of decoration which hitherto it had resisted most stoutly.

In 1709 a consignment of German glass was sold by auction in London, causing great indignation among English manufacturers who had been in fear of German competition for more than ten years. But the glassmakers found it expedient to lick the hand they had barked at a moment before. Finding the new wares popular they fell to imitation, and the German influence was already well established when the political clubs drank the health of a new and German king (1714). Some, indeed, of the glasses which show German influence must be dated several years before the accession of George I by reference to the preceding

* The First Excise Act only continued in force for three years (1696-1699).

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development and independently of German features (*e.g.* Fig. IVb last month).

The new element appears in two ways. The shouldered stem, known as "Silesian," but common to all Southern Germany, was freely adopted, and for a time almost ousted the baluster. The English glassmakers showed good taste in adapting a rather angular prototype. Their simplest type was four-square with a domed top, but more usually there were six, seven, or eight corners, either plain or

the preponderance of bowl over stem never revived (Fig. II).

The effect on bowl form was more general and more lasting. Whereas in the standard bowls of the English idiom the outline had been rectilinear or convex, the bowls due to German influence showed an opposite tendency; mostly they had a concave outline or even a pronounced waist. Such were the bell-bowl, the thistle-bowl, the trumpet-bowl, and several other types. The thistle-bowl was an adaptation



FIG. I. GERMAN INFLUENCE; THE SHOULDERED STEM. 1710-1730

(A) About 1720; incurved bowl, revived Venetian moulding. Height $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches. (B) About 1710-1715; r.f. bowl, no bosses. Height 6 inches. (C) About 1710; s.f. bowl with collar, square stem. Height $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (D) About 1715; r.f. bowl, bossed shoulder. Height $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

moulded with nailhead bosses. In these transformations the Silesian stem has never the air of an intruder; small divergences from the original were thoughtfully done, and though the same stem had a vogue in France and the Netherlands the English assimilation was peculiar and distinguished (Fig. I). This is especially true of glasses where the round- and straight-funnel bowls of the original idiom were reduced to harmony with the new stem (Fig. Ib, c, D). The general effect of the Silesian stems was to hold up the stem growth of the original idiom; when they disappeared

of a specific German form, in which the bulb was made solid and the s.f. bowl broke through the disguise (*e.g.* Fig. VIb last month). But, generally speaking, the incurvature was a tendency in design rather than a direct imitation, and the more permanent on that account.

The outburst of Germanism petered out between 1720 and 1730, and with its disappearance the curvilinear stems came into their own again (Fig. II), but with a difference. Germanism had killed the pure balusters and the heavy balustroid stem, and stem-growth had been completed, rather oddly, by fifteen years'



(A) (B) (C) (D)
 FIG. II. REVIVAL OF THE CURVILINEAR STEM; "LIGHT BALUSTERS." About 1725-1745
 (A) Height $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches. (B) Height $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (C) Height 7 inches. (D) Height 7 inches



(A) (B) (C)
 FIG. III. EARLY ANGLO-GERMAN ENGRAVING; BAROQUE FLORIATED BORDERS. About 1735
 (A) and (C) mark the return to curvilinear stems (knops or "light balusters") with the continuance of the German waisted bowl.
 Height 8 inches, $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. (B) Light drawn-stem glass, after the Venetian. Height $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches

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abeyance. This fact itself implied a reduction of bowl depth. Hence between c. 1725 and the Second Excise we find a definite family of glasses distinguished by (1) attenuated balusters or knops; (2) a medley of abbreviated English bowls and incurved German bowls; and (3) absence of ornament. Many of the glasses in this category have no recognizable baluster motive, but the definition of "light balusters"

the Act reduced (1) the weight; (2) the bulk; and (3) the *size* of the finished glasses. Design, though logically independent of scale, is in practice usually affected by it, but the glassmen failed to discover a satisfactory small-scale design. Some few types are neat and elegant, but in most mid-century glasses the design is trivial and haphazard. In this loss of form the art turned for compensation to



FIG. IV. POST-EXCISE ALE-GLASSES. About 1750

(A) Engraved barley heads and bee, white enamel twist. Height $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. (B) Engraved Jacobite rose with bud, crossed heads of barley; cable air-twist. Height $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches. (C) Plain stem, oil-gilt hops and barley. Height $8\frac{3}{8}$ inches. (D) Plain double-ogee bowl with horizontal fluting, white enamel twist, folded foot. Probably King's Lynn. Height $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (E) Waisted (German) bowl engraved with hops and crossed barley heads, corkscrew air-twist. Height $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches

by Mr. Grant Francis fills what had hitherto been a difficult lacuna—the *natural* degeneracy of the original idiom.

The Second Excise Act (1745) imposed a duty of 9s. 4d. per cwt. on the materials of flint-glass, and remained valid for more than a century, by which time the art was dead. Henceforth the glassmaker must obtain as many glasses as possible from a given weight of batch. A little computation will show that

decorative processes which had then been present in England for some years without meeting with general approval (Figs. IV–VIII).

We may now allude briefly to the five chief modes of ornament: (1) filigree stems; (2) wheel engraving; (3) wheel cutting; (4) gilding; (5) painting in enamel colours. The introduction of air-twists has been considerably post-dated. They occur in several glasses known to the writer which cannot well be later than 1730,

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and in the British Museum there is a flint-glass linen-smoother with an air-twist shaft, a metal mount bearing the date 1716 and the initials E.C. in English characters. Air-twist stems for wine-glasses were probably made at least as early as 1720, but they were not common until the Second Excise gave them a footing. Enamel twists were of much later introduction, and probably they were not made at all before 1745; the earliest document is dated 1748.

date air-twists disappear, but white enamel twists continued for another twenty years.

Wheel engraving, for a decorative as distinct from a commemorative purpose, seems to have been introduced by German immigrants in the second decade of the eighteenth century, but it is exceedingly rare on glasses datable before 1725. During the next phase ("light balusters") specimens are not uncommon, and followed fairly closely the baroque style



FIG. V. CORDIAL GLASSES

(A) Engraved coronet and monogram, white enamel twists. About 1750-1760. Height 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches. (B) Flowered engraving, corkscrew air-twist. About 1750-1760. Height 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches. (C) Plain stem, domed foot. Probably pre-Excise, c. 1740. Height 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches. (D) Engraved husk-pattern, stem cut in alternating long hexagonal facets. About 1760. Height 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. (E) Loaded bowl, thread air-twist, domed foot. About 1750-1760. Height 7 inches

Twists of coloured enamel have usually been placed about ten years later than white twists, but not, I think, with adequate reason. The technique is the same in both cases, and if any chronological distinction is to be made it should be between the simpler twists, whether white or coloured, and the varieties with very fine threads or a complicated interweaving. Between 1745 and 1760 all varieties of filigree stem were made concurrently; after the latter

which had been developed by South German engravers from several manuals of ornament published at Nuremberg at the end of the seventeenth century. In this style the individual motives are rigid, and the key to the whole design is the idea of symmetry. Mr. Brown has several highly interesting glasses with this type of engraving (Fig. III).

After the Second Excise borders became wreaths, and these soon gave place to large

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(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

FIG. VI. WHITE ENAMEL PAINTING BY WILLIAM AND/OR MARY BEILBY, OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE;
LOCAL GLASSES WITH WHITE ENAMEL TWISTS. *About 1770*

(A) Goats. *Height 6 inches.* (B) Obelisk; oil gilt-rim. *Height 6 $\frac{1}{16}$ inches.* (C) Beehive; oil-gilt rim. Ale-glass. *Height 7 inches.*
(D) Engraved beehive. Motives used by the Beilbys were frequently copied from engraving. *Height 6 inches.* (E) Peacock
and peahen. *Height 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches*



(A) (B) (C) (D) (E)

FIG. VII. GLASSES ENGRAVED WITH NATURAL SUBJECTS KNOWN AS "FLOWERED GLASSES"
About 1750-1760

(A) Vine and butterfly. *Height 6 inches.* (B) Bouquet, in the manner of *deutsche Blumen*. *Height 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.* (C) Ale-glass with
natural flowers. *Height 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.* (D) Natural flower, partly polished; waisted bowl. *Height 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches.* (E) Natural flowers.
Height 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches



FIG. VIII. CUT STEMS. 1750-1780

(A) Probably after the Third Excise Act (1777); folded foot. Note reduced stem. Height $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (B) Engraved with Chinese scene; cusped stem (single knop adapted to cutting). About 1770. Height $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches. (C) Threaded enamel twist with cut knop; plain bowl cut about the base. About 1750. Height $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (D) Plain double-ogee bowl; cutting of single-knop stem before the development of the cusp. About 1750. Height $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (E) Engraved flowers. Probably after Third Excise Act. Height $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

sprays of flowers, vine motives, hops and barley, butterflies, bees, birds, and occasionally scenes and landscapes. Except for an occasional example of *deutsche Blumen* (Fig. VIIb) these "flowered glasses" (as the trade called them) show no trace of German influence. They have much charm, and besides being pleasant to countrymen and gardeners they are to the art of engraving what the early balusters had been to the art of glass itself—an example of a purely English idiom extracted from an alien technique. On that ground, rather than for technical skill (in which they fall below German engraving), they may claim a degree of artistic merit (Fig. VII).

The incunabula of English cutting can be dated about 1730-1740, but cutting was more advanced in 1740 than it was ten years later. For both its technique and its effects cutting required an abundant metal, and the reduction in weight and size was a serious setback. In wine-glasses (to which we here confine ourselves) it banished the cutter from the bowl, where he had begun to work with freedom, to the only solid part remaining to him—the stem. Stems accordingly were cut in facets and foot-rims were scalloped, since there was small risk of disaster. Faceted-stem glasses were contemporary with

the enamel-twist, beginning about 1745 and lasting for about forty years. Fig. VIIIc shows an interesting glass which combines an enamel twist with a faceted knop. In its later development (c. 1760) stem cutting began to encroach on the bowl with flutes and an arch-and-sprig circuit, and it eventually captured it altogether.

Oil-gilding and painting in enamels both came to England from Germany, perhaps rather later than the glyptic techniques. Gilding was used over wheel-engraving, and also separately for the rims of wine-glasses, and less frequently for a design (e.g. Fig. IVc). The earliest specimens date from about 1740, but the greatest vogue of gilding was in the '50's and '60's, when technical experiments were constantly being made to emulate the burnished gilding of Germany. Enamel-painting on clear flint-glass was never common, and seems to have been mainly executed by private artists, like the brother and sister Beilby, of whose work several fine specimens appear in Fig. VI. The designs followed those of wheel engraving and, whether by the Beilbys or by others, belong to the twenty years 1760-1780. They are elegantly done, but more mannered than the "flowered glasses."

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THE FIRST "IRISH-AMERICAN"

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF JOHN SHAW

By A. C. R. CARTER

THERE are so many bonds of association between Ireland and the United States that the recent gift to the National Gallery of Ireland by Mr. R. Stevenson Scott of a portrait by Gilbert Stuart of John Shaw—for whom it is claimed that he was the first man of Irish birth to become a naturalized citizen of the States—has caused much friendly comment on account of its especial fitness.

It is just the sort of gift which poor Sir Hugh Lane (drowned in the *Lusitania* when trying to return to Dublin from New York in 1915) would have delighted in conceiving, but the portrait was not available in his day. His magnificent endowment of twenty-one great pictures in his lifetime and of forty-one by bequest, including six fine Gainsboroughs and examples by Reynolds, Romney, and Hogarth, can never be forgotten, and this Lane section has done much towards causing the National Gallery of Ireland to take high rank among State institutions.

Dr. Bodkin, the present director, does right in deploring that few English art-lovers make the trip to Dublin to see the really great national collection now owned by the Free State, in the formation of which other names, besides that of Lane, should be recalled: notably of Henry Doyle (uncle of Sir Conan Doyle, and who "picked up" many a bargain at Christie's), Sir Walter Armstrong, and Langton Douglas. Perhaps the Irish title of the gallery makes the ordinary tourist nervous—*Rialtas Sealadach* to wit—but Dr. Bodkin is certainly right in suggesting the wisdom on the part of Mr. A. M. Daniel, the director-elect of our own National Gallery, to visit Dublin before taking up the duties of his office.

And if equity had the *pas* of legality Ireland would be enjoying also the possession of the famous examples of modern foreign art which it is certain that Lane, at one time, intended to accompany his other benefactions to Dublin. But law is law, and Lane's wishes were not legally expressed, so that these modern pictures have to remain at Millbank.

This Gilbert Stuart portrait, however, should help to fill one gap, and should encourage other generous donors to remember the needs of Ireland. As Mr. Scott is a member of the prominent art firm of Scott and Fowles in New York, his example might well be followed by other Britons settled there. Mr. Scott's precise motive in presenting the picture was to mark President Cosgrave's recent visit to New York, where he was entertained at the Lotus Club of which Mr. Scott is a member. The circumstances in which Stuart painted the portrait of John Shaw have an irony of their own; the outcome being that a brilliant artist, American-born, after living like a prince in Ireland, became impoverished with the demands of his own magnificence, and had to redeem the cost of his passage back home by painting the portrait of the successful Irish trader richly established in New York, in one of whose merchant fleet Stuart had found a berth.

The authenticated story is that when Stuart, with admirable conscientiousness, approached the man who had done him this good turn in order that he might get out of his debt by painting his portrait, he found his Irish friend so deeply immersed in his business that he was free only on Sundays. Three of these holy-days in 1793, therefore, had to be set apart for the task. Such a desecration of the Sabbath would have caused both artist and sitter to be sent to the gallows by the laws of New England a little more than a century previously.

Stuart must have enjoyed limning this alert Irish man of affairs, and probably found the experience of considerable usefulness when subsequently undertaking the portraits of Washington and of other eminent men in the States. Some might argue that Stuart did not require much further art-gymnastic after his brilliant career in Europe, when he had met and portrayed such diverse personages and personalities as Louis-Seize, George III, and the Regent, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, besides a

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long array of distinguished people in the lively society world of Dublin.

The statement that John Shaw was the first Irishman, settled in the States, to have the rights conferred on him of naturalized citizenship has apparently not been challenged since it was made some years ago and repeated in the catalogue description of Stuart's portrait of him when it was sold at Sotheby's on July 1, 1925, in the collection of the late John Lane, the publisher, and was then bought by Messrs. Leggatt for £420.

Lane had originally acquired the canvas (32 in. by 26 in.) in 1922 from Mrs. Phillips Ward, of Staten Island, who had inherited it from John Shaw's granddaughter, Mrs. John Foley. When Stuart painted the portrait in 1793, Shaw would be forty-three years of age.

That his sitter appreciated it is proved by the fact that he asked the artist to make another rendering of it, and this replica remains in the possession of the family. Some day art sale catalogues will have to contain a section with the special head: "American Old Masters." In such a category the names of Whistler and Sargent will be bound to appear and, as forerunners, there will be such as Copley and West and, greatest of all, Gilbert Stuart. He must, indeed, have been a man of parts, because after leaving Rhode Island at the age of twenty, in 1775, he graduated at the University of Glasgow before finding that his true *métier* was that of art. And, as he died at Boston on July 27, 1828, one wonders whether the centenary of his death was commemorated in that learned city.



BOOK REVIEWS



ARCHITECTURE

PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN PARIS, GHENT, ANTWERP, ROUEN, ETC. Drawn from Nature on stone by THOMAS SHOTTER BOYS, 1839. Introduction by E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Quarto, pp. xvi + 116. Plates in colour, 26. Cloth. (London: The Architectural Press.) £3.

Thomas Shotter Boys has a double claim to be remembered: he was a topographical artist and an artistic topographer of the first rank. He was even more: a pictorial historian of his times, their costumes, manners, and places. His "London Views," issued by Beresford Chancellor a year or two since, form an arresting picture of Early Victorian times; the present volume dealing with continental scenes was issued previously, in 1839, a year or so after the return of the artist to London after some years spent in France and Belgium. He was the friend of Parkes Bonnington and William Callow, and his watercolour drawings may well be placed with those of these two fine masters. For all three the old buildings had as much fascination as contemporary scenes; but to Boys they appealed even more, and it is to the preservation of records of their beauty that he directed his attention. As the original publisher's notice states, he "aimed at accuracy of detail and fidelity to the general effect of the view, carefully preserving the characteristics of the locality—in a word . . . to convey the actual truth in the most picturesque manner." He succeeded nobly. The pictures are all that he aimed at, and they are a specialized form of British watercolour drawing.

There is something more, however, in the story of

"Picturesque Architecture." The work was the first ripe fruit of colour lithography in England. Senefelder who invented lithography, introduced it to London in 1808, and various meritorious works in the medium soon made their appearance. The rapid development of the next few years was consummated by Hullmandel, who, according to the Dedication to him of "Picturesque Architecture" by Boys, formed a new epoch and presented "entirely new capabilities of the arts." Hullmandel's discoveries rendered possible the reproduction in colour of the drawings of Boys, than which no more truthful nor charming renderings of architecture can be found multiplied for general appreciation. It is only just to say that other developments in colour-reproduction have been made since, rendering possible the publication of this altogether admirable re-publication. There are twenty-nine subjects altogether, and it is hard to say which is the most delightful. For lovely low tone and simplicity of rendering, as well as for successful colour-reproduction, Laon Cathedral (see page 217) bears the palm; the night scene of St. Etienne and the Panthéon is cleverly rendered; the Hôtel de Sens is good street scene; the Hôtel Cluny is depicted in two drawings most charmingly, and is matched by the characteristic Rue de la Grosse Horloge, and L'Abbaye St. Amand at Rouen.

Beresford Chancellor, with all his well-known enthusiasm for pictorial topography, contributes most interesting notes to all the plates, and his general introduction is inspiring and obviously a labour of love.

Book Reviews



By courtesy of The Architectural Press

LAON CATHEDRAL

By Thomas Shotter Boys

From "Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, Antwerp, Rouen, etc."

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE, by EDITH A. BROWNE. Small 4to., pp. xvi + 126. Illus. Cloth. 2nd edition. (London: A. and C. Black.) 5s.

There is no better introduction to Gothic building than this simply written and easily read book. On its merits it deserves the distinction of a second edition; but the second edition is of further use in that it gives the results of the destructive action of fire and artillery of the war on certain fanes, and sets out a record of the precautions taken by the French Ministry of Fine Arts for general preservation.

At Rheims and Amiens the disasters were supreme; they are beyond discussion, as are other cases of buildings not ecclesiastical. The only consolation, and it is a pitiable one, is that the area of destruction was no greater. The notes as a whole are short and to the point, historical and architectural; the forty-eight full-page illustrations are admirable and include cathedrals, churches, and some few secular and domestic Gothic structures in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The examples appear to have been chosen on the principle of contrast—the contrasts of the different styles of the standard Gothic, Early, Decorated, and Perpendicular in England; the corresponding periods in France; the divergence between Milan and Florence in Italy; the contrasts of Burgos and Seville in Spain—a very useful method. To be able to obtain so great a value of architectural beauty and clear elucidation as is contained in this book for 5s. is somewhat of a wonder in these days.

K. P.

CHINESE PAINTING

THE GEORGE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION OF THE CHINESE, COREAN AND SIAMESE PAINTINGS, by LAURENCE BINYON, of the British Museum. Large folio, pp. vii + 39 + plates lxxv. Cloth. (London: Ernest Benn, Ltd., Bouverie House.) £12 12s. Edition de luxe, £25.

So sumptuous a book, finely printed by the Chiswick Press on Van Gelder mould-paper, deserves a better setting-out of its title. The word "catalogue" has no claim to a line of its own, neither is the definite article needed. The subject of the book and the collector's, author's, and publisher's names are the important points. For bibliographical purposes, for library-cataloguing purposes, the subject of this book might readily have taken the first line of the title-page, and the most prominent type certainly, to the advantage of the page setting. The book is reticently done by Laurence Binyon; but what has the British Museum, as such, to do with it? Why drag it in? It requires no advertisement, nor does Laurence Binyon. The latter, in point of fact, is over-modest; the former overburdened with honour. The honour is that of Mr. George Eumorfopoulos in this instance; so far as Chinese, Corean, and Siamese paintings are concerned the honours are easy.

It really is a magnificent collection, and Chinese painting is a magnificent manifestation of the art-force—the force which compelled countless artists to spend every waking moment of their lives in elaborating beauty; in their sleep too, no doubt, the subconscious was at work. The world is very rich because of these men's love of beauty and capacity to set it out before their fellows, and so modestly too. Taste, patience, modesty, and capacity mark every plate in this book. Laurence Binyon divides the pictures conveniently into half a dozen classes: religious, figure-portraits, landscapes, animals, birds, and flowers. Classification is an aid to understanding, and its achievement is

easier than other matters which have stood in the path of the collector of these beautiful things and in that of their appraisers. Time, ignorance, prejudice, roguery have all been at work; but above all such matters Chinese paintings still exist in great numbers, their charm and virtue unimpaired. Rolls of painted silk, albums of painted paper, great widths of silk more according to the Western picture idea have survived all the vicissitudes; and now, with their colours, dimmed in some cases by time, as bright as at their birth in others, exist for universal delectation by means of such splendid processes of reproduction as have gone to the illustration of this catalogue. Those who have seen the actual works in this great collection are to be congratulated; hardly less, those who are happy enough to own this great record of beauty.

For lovely colour-printing, plate thirty-six, "Pheasants and Flowering Trees," by Wang Shih (A.D. 1662), would be hard to beat. The drawing of the "Head of the Old Hunter" of plate forty-seven (here reproduced) is very delicate and the horses are jolly. What economy of space there is in the "Moonlight Boating Scene" of the thirteenth century!—a celebrated drawing which has already been reproduced two or three times. Its spaces are wide and seemingly unoccupied, but every inch is interesting. The grace of the figures in plates sixteen, thirty-nine, and fifty-one is delicious; the humanity of "Li Po in his Cups," plate thirty-two. How proud the Chinese are of their paunches! To praise the "Lotus and Crane" drawing of plate twenty-eight is to gild the lily. Apart from the colour plates, the half-tones are absorbingly interesting for their form, the landscapes especially, but the mountains above all. Those serried layers of rock are realistic as it were, and yet they are stylized. What the Chinese artists did for this sort of subject, in the eighteenth and even in the nineteenth century, Segantini and Ferdinand Hodler profited by. These two European artists saw the mountains of Switzerland in very much the same way as mountains were realized in China some century or so before. Turning from later work, it is highly interesting to note that the fragments of fresco-painting of the fourteenth century, probably, do not give the effect of great antiquity. There is something timeless about the Chinese styles which is rather mysterious. For thousands of years these quiet, intent men were doing the same things and doing them well. The inclusion of paintings from Turfan, Corea, and Siam are welcome, and add considerably to the value of this splendid volume, with its wealth of 134 illustrations. They make a remarkable revelation of manual ingenuity and infinite fancy.

Chinese draughtsmanship is not only graphic, it is calligraphic. The technique of the Chinese artist is essentially that of the reed and brush stroke; he writes his evocations, having pondered his intuitions. He never hurries, but his strokes are sure when he makes them, so perfectly is his hand adapted to his process. His line is convincing. Chinese graphic is as uncompromising as it is conservative, and it is invariably consistent. It is a tradition; it makes for a sameness of quality, but the Chinese mind conceives an infinitude of variations on a theme the hand is well conditioned to perform. Chinese technique is a known and dependable quality; the Chinese artist is always a craftsman.

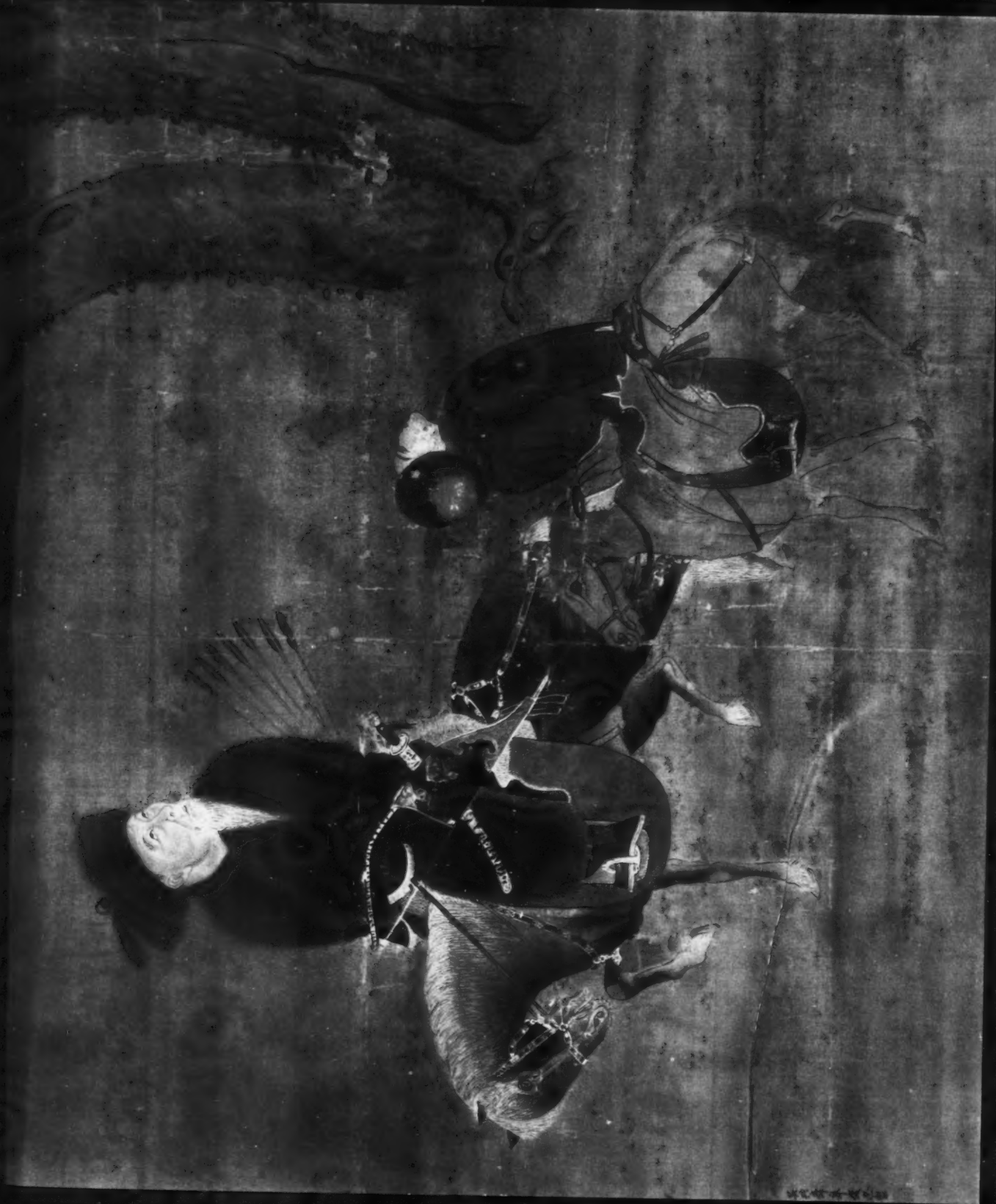
The Chinese mind is religious, devout, but it is not sublime. It remained for the cultured European artist to produce the sublime in art. This transcends any craftsmanship; it is beyond mere hand work; it is brain work,

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imagination, emotion of the noblest description. The Chinese mind is capable of imagination and emotion; capable of the utmost flights of fancy, exquisitely graceful, exquisitely grotesque. It is capable of transcending Nature while beautifully true to Nature; of portraiture which, whether of mountain or of man, is truth placed on the plane of beauty; it is capable of psychological statement, but the psychology is obvious; it is for the most part superficial characterization. Only on a few rare occasions does it rise to revelation. Michelangelo could reveal the sublime, the divine; the eternal, the creative. The greatest of the Chinese masters could reveal the static, but not the eternal spirit; the appearance of sublimity, but not the sublime; majesty, nobility, the immobility of philosophy are within his powers. He is able to solve many form problems, but not the highest spiritual problems. Which is to say that he is more accomplished of heart and hand than of mind and emotion. Appearances were his sphere rather than revelations; feelings rather than thoughts. The Chinese artist, however, sustained and maintained a level of excellence for a far greater period or periods than any other—consistency carried into almost complete continuity.

KINETON PARKES

LITTLE KNOWN TOWNS OF SPAIN: WATER-COLOURS AND DRAWINGS, by VERNON HOWE BAILEY. (William Helburn, New York; B. T. Batsford, Ltd., London.) Price £3 10s.

This is a book which does credit to all concerned in its production—the author-artist, the printers, and the publishers. It contains no fewer than sixty-seven full-page plates (of which twenty-four are in colour) printed by a very beautiful collotype process, rendering what are practically facsimile results, and on a rough paper which gives the exact effect of the original watercolour drawing.

In these days when so many books are published at no little expense, in which coated paper and fugitive coloured inks are used, it is a pleasure to handle a volume that one feels will look as fresh fifty years hence as it does today.

The title of the work suggests something of the fascination which is to follow in the delightful full-page colour drawings of lovely towns of Spain, remote from the ordinary traveller's route and all, too truly, little known.



ALMANZA

From *Little Known Towns of Spain* (Batsford)

As Mr. Bailey observes: "Of all Western Europe Spain is undoubtedly to the painter the most interesting and picturesque. Its landscape has unusual forms and rugged lines, a dramatic character that intensifies its peculiar beauty, while many of its ancient towns are strikingly situated on castle-crowned heights. Here are great churches, palaces, plazas, and bridges, superb examples of an architecture and art that are typically and solely Spanish.

These form a vast treasure for all who will but seek it. To cloud-enshrouded Morella on its mountain top, to dust-powdered Alcaniz, to terraced Tarazona, to valiant, historic Trujillo, and to all the lesser known towns of Spain that I have visited, I here record my grateful appreciation."

It is this spirit of grateful appreciation that Mr. Bailey has carried through the whole of his work, whether in colour or black-and-white, and he manages to convey, as only an artist can convey, a feeling that one would like to set out at once on a similar journey.

These pictures, treated with great breadth and full of glowing colour, remind one in a vague way of the work of another well-known artist-traveller, Brabazon, one of the fortunate painters who, from first to last, could afford to, and did, paint to please himself. One feels in studying Mr. Bailey's work that he, too, was engaged throughout his journey in a labour of love.

T. L. H.



VILLAJOYOSA

From *Little Known Towns of Spain* (Batsford)

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

OLD ENGLISH PORCELAIN: A Handbook for Collectors, by W. B. HONEY, of the Victoria and Albert Museum. With a Foreword by BERNARD RACKHAM. (G. Bell and Sons.) 21s. net.

The collecting of what is loosely comprised in the term "china" calls for very definite technical knowledge and, if truth be told, not too exquisite a sensitiveness to aesthetic values, for amongst the china, especially that manufactured in Europe, there is a great deal of aesthetically contemptible, if technically and historically, important "ware."

Mr. Honey's handbook for collectors gives precisely what the collector needs—very definite, very exhaustive

technical information about "the first fifty years or so of English porcelain." "Much is talked and even written," he says in his preface, "of the *flair* of the expert, by which the make of a specimen may be recognized, though no account could be given of the process of recognition. It is true that a sense of the whole quality and touch of a factory's work can be developed. But that power can only be acquired by familiarity with documentary



"FRENCH FLOWER" DECORATION
"WORCESTER"

pieces, and the evidence regarding these cannot be re-examined too often."

This confirms, by implication, the contention that aesthetic values are here a very minor consideration, since documentary evidence is of no value where such are concerned. However, from the collector's point of view, Mr. Honey's handbook will be found indispensable. It is packed, from cover to cover, with facts, the author being scrupulously careful in their statement, referring the reader in every case to known examples. Apart from preliminary matter, the book is divided into some sixteen chapters dealing exhaustively with the wares of Chelsea, Bow, Derby, Longton Hall, Lowestoft, Lowdin's Bristol, Worcester, Caughley, Liverpool, Pinxton, Nantgarw and Swansea, Coalport, Rockingham, Plymouth and Bristol, Staffordshire and

"Miscellaneous Factories and Legends." This latter chapter contains some peculiarly interesting and disturbing information; but in point of fact the whole book may be fitly described as doing so, thanks to the author's intimate and authoritative knowledge. One result of this volume will be a thorough revision of attributions in many collections of china. The handbook is illustrated with over 250 reproductions of specimens, and an appendix of marks.

H. F.



"RED ANCHOR" SPECIMEN
"CHELSEA"

DELIGHTED EARTH: A Selection by PETER MEADOWS from Herrick's "Hesperides." With Illustrations by LIONEL ELLIS. (The Fanfrolico Press.) 30s. net.

No book set up by hand in Rudolph Koch Kursiv type and printed at the Curwen Press could help being especially pleasing to look at, and for this reason bibliophiles will be glad to possess "Delighted Earth," which has these strong points in its favour. The editor's pleasant introduction is another good point. But one cannot help questioning the spelling and the illustrations. If we are to have Herrick "in modern dress," why not go the whole length? "Blowne," "adde," "hieue," and so forth look odd in "Koch Kursiv," and are unnecessary so far as the enjoyment of the lilt is concerned. The illustrations, too, have an oddly heavy antiquarian flavour without conforming to the spirit of the poems.

WILLIAM BLAKE, by PHILIPPE SOUPAULT. Translated by J. LEWIS MAY. Masters of Modern Art. (The Bodley Head.) 5s. net.

Most of us have lost the sense of wonder at the miracle of all existence. We take things for granted and live in a little hide-bound universe of our own; we have more urgent things to do than to think about the stars or admire the daisies. Exceptions to this rule we look upon as madmen. William Blake was such an one. And no doubt he was mad, not because he was an exception, but because in his visions he never left humanity; never truly disembodied



BLUE AND WHITE
"LOWESTOFT"

Book Reviews

the spirit; saw in a thistle an "old man gray"—the miracle of the thistle itself being insufficient for his human vision. Blake's mind was formed and circumscribed by Bible-faith and Bible-like visions—just as his art was bounded by Raphaelesque and Michelangelesque forms. It is because of these limitations that he can never be regarded as a great artist. As to that, however, no doubt opinions will differ according to the bias of the critic.

One of the sanest and simplest books on this perplexing "master" has been written by Monsieur Soupault, a Frenchman. Monsieur Soupault leaves you in no doubt that he is a Blake enthusiast; but he is always clear and simple in the statement of his views and carries you with him nearly all the way. He rightly insists that "we must never lose sight of the poet in our study of the engraver"; but then, he also will have it that "Blake's real work in life was engraving, and that poetry was, so to speak, merely a *parergon*." The truth would rather seem to be that both poetry and engraving were the servants who performed the duties of expressing his visions; his only trouble was that he made them carry greater burdens than they were capable of bearing.

In any case, however, Monsieur Soupault's study is a brilliant one, and the illustrations which support it are well chosen and reproduced; also the translation is adequate.

H. F.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF STAINED GLASS, by E. W. TWINING. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 42s. net.

Stained glass is a good example of the difficulties created by the study of art and the perfection of technique. The best stained glass is still that which was made before there were art schools, and before the technological chemist had placed his knowledge at the disposal of the craft worker. The craftsmen of Chartres Cathedral produced their miracles of beauty because they did not know how to make better and larger pieces of glass, or a greater variety of colours. With the progress of "art" and the science of glass-making the art and craft of stained glass declined *pari passu*. Nevertheless, in our days there has been an awakening due in part to the drift, away from realism, in art and in part also to the latest achievements in glass-making and colouring.

"The Art and Craft of Stained Glass," by Mr. Twining, is, however, less concerned with æsthetical considerations of design than with the purely practical problems of the craftsmen. In this respect the author, who manifestly knows his subject from beginning to end, writes:

"Had my object in writing been merely to describe the processes of designing, cutting, and painting, the book would probably never have been contemplated, still less written . . . The thing which really prompted me to write was the fact that there is no modern book, and no book whatever which is still in print and obtainable, which describes in detail the process of firing painted glass. I have therefore attempted to fill what I believe to be a long-felt want, and have, in addition, written a chapter giving drawings dealing with the design and construction of kilns. This . . . has certainly never been done in connection with a modern-type kiln."

From this point of view, and supported by a large number of illustrations and diagrams, this book could not be bettered, and is indispensable as a textbook.

If there is one fault to find, it is that the author has confined himself only to the traditional form of "churchy" design; in other words, has distinctly exalted the craft above the art.

JOYAUX DE L'ENLUMINURE À LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, par HENRI MARTIN. 134 pp. text, 102 plates (two in colour). (Van Oest, 1928.) Francs 480.

This fine volume is, from its very comprehensive nature, an extremely tantalizing production. It contains supremely fine examples of illuminated manuscripts of all periods from the sixth to the seventeenth century, each represented by one or two illustrations. In the case of such celebrated manuscripts as the Psalter of St. Louis (Lat. 10525), or the Legend of S. Denis (Fr. 2092), both of which have been reproduced in their entirety elsewhere (the latter by M. Martin himself), this is enough to recall their beauties, but how one longs to see more of such manuscripts as the copy of the celebrated *Livre de Chasse* de Gaston Phébus (Fr. 619), illustrated on Figs. LXIX, LXX, with its entertaining grisaille drawings, including the enchanting page "Du Lièvre et de toute sa nature." Or again there is the manuscript of the well-known Roman de la Fauvel (Fr. 146), with its coarse but vigorous pages of drawings which form so valuable a study of contemporary manners.

A fine English manuscript too which deserves complete publication is the beautiful thirteenth-century Apocalypse (Fr. 403), only one page of which (and that the same as is shown by Mr. Miller in one of his recent volumes on English illumination) is illustrated. Still perhaps for the lover of the beautiful, who is not at the same time a student of illuminated manuscripts, this very tantalizing feature is beneficent as it will surely lead him on to further researches. Only a complete master of his subject, such as the late M. Martin, could have compressed so much knowledge into the hundred and seventeen pages of the text, pages as eminently attractive to the general reader as they are valuable to the student. Also, a thing rare among books on the history of illuminated manuscripts, we constantly find comparative notes on the technical processes of the different periods. Chapters I and II deal with Byzantine and Carolingian manuscripts, and Chapter III with the work of the eleventh to the thirteenth century. But one feels that M. Martin is really in his element when he comes to the great period of French illumination which begins at the end of the thirteenth and ends with the last years of the fifteenth century, and the last four chapters form a brilliant summary of a period which produced work which for technical skill and exquisite charm has never been surpassed and hardly rivalled. The delicate little miniatures of the Bréviaire de Belleville, and the splendid books made for that lavish patron of the Arts, Jean, Duc de Berry, are among the most precious works of art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, while the sumptuous volumes ascribed to Jean Fouquet show what height of technical skill was reached before the end of the century. The hundred heliotype plates are generally exceedingly clear, though it must be owned that the colour-plates, especially that from the Josephus of Fouquet, give very little idea of the brilliant colouring of the original. In any case, the volume is one that no one who is interested in illumination can afford to miss.

M. H. LONGHURST

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

BY KINETON PARKES

THE MASTERS

MICHELANGELO, von FRITZ KNAPP. Quarto, pp. 68, illus. + plates 102. Boards. (München: F. Bruckmann.) Marks 20.

An illuminating and sympathetic text has been provided by Fritz Knapp, the professor of art-history at the University of Würzburg, to this the latest collection of illustrations of the work of the great architect-painter-sculptor—the glory of Florence and the glory of the art world. This text incorporates forty-four studies, which throw light on Michelangelo's methods of work and his faculty for making thorough preparations for it. In some ways they are more instructive than the works themselves to the student. To the observer the works are so sublime as to be overwhelming; to the student they are elucidated by these drawings, aided by the commentary which the author has so carefully prepared. Michelangelo was a Prometheus partly unbound. His life was one great struggle and upheaval against the bonds of beauty. He expressed what he could, but he laboured heavily to express the much more that was in him—the greater revelation he wanted to give the world; the revelation, as it is, is great enough. The world of art has no equal to these titanic efforts sustained for nearly ninety years.

The monuments that we have, which together form the most magnificent memorial of any artist, are but part of those which were indeed begun, but fragments of which only remain. The great nude studies of "The Bathers" might have resulted in the greatest of all mural painting if we judge by what we possess in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. These are so great—and the plan of the work given in the text allows of a very good impression of the whole—that nothing surpasses them in the world. The details of them form a generous allowance of the plates, of which six are in colour; and one of them, the Sybilla Libica, is here reproduced. No less than sixty illustrations in black-and-white and sanguine are given of this masterpiece. The grave memorials are only less generously treated: those of Julius II at Rome, Giuliano de Medici and Lorenzo de Medici at Florence with their great figure sculptures.

Of the sculpture there is a generous allowance: the infinitely touching Pietà in St. Peter's, within the circle of which no other sculptor has been able to enter, although many have tried; the astounding marble David, now in the Academy of Florence, the earlier fruits of Michelangelo's two years of *Sturm- und Drang*; the Apollo, of the Bargello; the Moses, the Slave, of the Louvre; and that other Slave in the Academy, struggling against his fetters or his fate as his maker struggled. In this work is to be seen the genius of sculpture at war with his material. From the first, Michelangelo had his problem with the great discarded mass of marble out of which the David at length triumphantly emerged. It was not, however, when he was most finished that the artist was best. He was not at his highest in the Kneeling Angel at Bologna, and the Drunken Bacchus in the Bargello, nor even in the Interment in the Duomo. The finest things are often the result of the free flow of inspiration; but the fight for beauty often provides a greater æsthetic realization, as Rodin and others since Michelangelo knew very well. As architect—as such, Michelangelo is not dealt with at length; but throughout

this fine book there is the implication that before all, with all, and after all, the architectonic sense of his great mind ordered the greatness of his sculpture and painting.

LEONARDO DA VINCI: DER KUNSTLER UND SEIN WERK, von EDMUND HILDEBRANDT. Large 8vo., pp. xvi + 352. Illus. 296. Sewn. (Berlin: G. Grote'sche, Verlagsbuchhandlung.) Marks 24.

Of all the many books on Leonardo, this is one of the most considerable and one of the most important. It is indeed more than a book on Leonardo; it is a survey of the period's art and a comparison of the artists. About half the illustrations are by other artists than Leonardo—Della Robbia, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Raphael, Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Donatello, and many another of equal or only less importance. The book, in fact, is a review of the Renaissance with Leonardo da Vinci as the central figure. No side of his genius is left undiscussed; no item of information concerning him neglected; no drawing, sketch or picture, authenticated or not, discarded. The Flora Bust is included in the survey; here appears, as a caricature, the Windsor drawing of "The Ugly Duchess" of Carinthia and Tyrol, whose portrait by Quentin Metsys appeared in the recent collection in the Antiques Exhibition at Olympia. A pretty problem opens out regarding these two: What is their relation to each other? What the relation of the two artists to the celebrated subject?—a subject so intriguing that it has entered the realm of contemporary historical fiction. These two works are examples of many controversial points raised by this embracive study, for the object of the book is directed towards exhaustion point.

The author, who is a professor in the University of Berlin, has accomplished his task well. He exhibits a figure unusually princely in aspect, manners; and accomplished even among the artists of the Renaissance—a figure surrounded continually by even those more gorgeous, but less well endowed with genius; a figure alive in every nerve to every suggestion of the new life and never failing to react to its suggestions. Leonardo, moreover, was not only a son of his time; he was a father to it, progenitor of many of its marvels. He was not content to practise as an artist only; he was ambitious as an engineer, as a scientist. He investigated in the regions of physics and made inventions. His scientific drawings are as interesting to the scientist as his artistic are to the collector and connoisseur. Leonardo contrived to make life rich, and he endowed it with beauty. The fullness of his vital interest amounts to a like sum to the gorgeousness of his personal life.

So great was Leonardo's influence that the Renaissance would have been a far smaller affair without it. He was an incentive to other artists; his contemporaries would have been less great without him. He was an interpreter to his time of powers and beauties, not only of form but of thought, of which few of his compatriots and few men of other lands were aware. His artistry and his intellect went hand in hand in their owner's triumphant passage of the years from 1452 to 1519. Michelangelo lived nearly half a century while Leonardo was alive, and nearly half a century after his death, and left greater evidences of his powers, although some of them have now perished; but not even Michelangelo exercised a greater potential power than that of Leonardo in his considerably shorter life.

Despite the splendours of that life in Florence, Milan, and elsewhere among the most splendid figures of the time,

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Book Reviews

a historical dimness creeps over the work of Leonardo. Milan is a cold place, and to visit Santa Maria delle Grazie in the snow, and to witness the dimmed splendours of "The Last Supper" in those dank surroundings, is to realize the vanity of human wishes—the futility of human endeavour.

So clever a man as Leonardo da Vinci might have been expected to have provided for the immortality of his immortal picture. Its placement was the initial disaster; the rest follows as a matter of course—a world masterpiece is dimmed for ever. The smile of Mona Lisa takes on a poignancy when regarded with the memory of lost masterpieces of painting and sculpture settled vaguely at the back of the mind of the beholder. But Edmund Hildebrandt does the living generation the great service of reminding it of the masterpieces that were and those that were to have been. His book is copiously eloquent of the many-sidedness as well as of the heights of Leonardo's genius.

LEONARDO DA VINCI: Zeichnungen, herausgegeben von ANNY E. POPP. Large 8vo., pp. x + 92. Illus. 90. Boards. (München: R. Piper & Co., Verlag.) Marks 18.

Anny Popp's book of drawings by Leonardo is of great value, for it contains many that are unpublished and almost unknown. It is essentially a record of Leonardo's art applied to his scientific interests. The text is admirably concise and is made scrupulously relevant to the display of the illustrations, with directive marginal notes. Each illustration has its record—historical, geographical, and bibliographical, and the amount of research taken in the compilation of the book was wide and deep. The book represents the artist in his well-enough-known, but less exercised activities; it is not concerned with his celebrated works so much as with his projects and studies. There are drawings of landscapes, flowers, trees, animals—the latter fanciful as well as real. There are studies of the human form and delicious ones of children; studies of clouds, rocks, and water. Over the infinite mobility of water-forms Leonardo seems to have enjoyed himself. In one after another he rings the changes on the curl of a wavelet forming striking designs; his rocks take on an architectural attractiveness; his architecture the romance of Nature.

He is never tired of pursuing the beauty of a fold of drapery to its last essential, or of allowing his fancy to express graphically his ideas for a great sculptural monument. And all the time in these drawings there is the precision of science—natural, physical and geometrical. The co-ordination of the eye and hand and fancy of Leonardo was complete. Never was there such draughtsmanship of its kind. The editor of this valuable volume has pursued these drawings to their resting-places in Venice, Florence, Windsor, Oxford, London, Paris, Vienna, and the great richness of the English collections is apparent. It is pleasant to recognize that in the restricted subject of Leonardo drawings, British and American scholarship is not far to seek, for in the literature of the subject included by the author Sidney Colvin and Bernhard Berenson are included, and apart from their researches others in English are named, the most important so far as this work is concerned being the Grosvenor Gallery "Royal Collections of Drawings by the Old Masters at Windsor." Each of these eighty drawings occupies a page and they are excellently reproduced.

PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER, by VIRGIL BARKER. Large 8vo., pp. 64. Illus. Boards. (London: George Allen and Unwin.) 10s.

There is a certain amount of exaggeration and overstatement in this long critical essay, which is, however, not unfitted to its subject. Pieter Bruegel the Elder was an exaggerator, going to the extremes of realism as well as fancy. There is a good deal of the grotesque in his work, but there is far more truth. True to his own instincts and feelings; true to general humanity; true to Nature; above all, he was true to his ideals of beauty. They were the ideals of his time and race, and no one has exhibited them with more astonishing placidity or with more expressive graphic. These pictures are startlingly real, but, so great an artist was their maker, they are never guilty of the mere appearance of reality, for they are underlain with the spirit of great artistry. Like all great art they are revelations of the soul of truth and the soul of man. The great nature pieces are astonishing in their profundity; they are part of the cosmos; the great human pieces are inviolable from the essentials of the life of man. He is equally at home in ensemble and in portraiture; he paints a great battle-piece with the surety with which he reveals character. Faulty in draughtsmanship, primitive in composition, there is more ardent life in his pictures than in those of many of the succeeding masters of more academic distinction. Pieter Bruegel the Elder takes us back to the well-springs of painting, when sheer imagination compelled the hand to fundamental expression. Virgil Barker has contributed a most searching psychological criticism to the literature concerning this great Flamand, and his purely æsthetic criticism is equally acute. The text is amply supported by many admirable illustrations.

ART HISTORY

HISTORY OF ART, by JOSEPH PIJOAN. Three vols., 4to. Vol. I. pp. viii + 548 + plates lxi. Vol. II, pp. viii + 564 + plates lii. Vol. III. pp. viii + 612 + plates liv. Illus. 2,500. Cloth. (Barcelona: Salvat Editores, S.A.) £6.

This monumental work encompasses what many books on the allied subjects of architecture, sculpture, painting and the minor arts have hitherto offered. There is no single history of the arts comparable with it. Starting with prehistoric art, it reaches through the centuries until the twentieth is arrived at. It is compact, correct, and critical. Only in the last chapters, which deal with contemporary art, is there any lack of comprehensive survey, and in a work of such dimensions this can hardly be counted a fault.

It has been written by a Spaniard, Joseph Pijoan, trained in architecture, the base of all the arts, who is now a professor at Pomona College, California, and translated with but few and unimportant mistakes by Ralph Roys, Research Associate of the University of Tulane. In the original Spanish it has already enjoyed an immense vogue, which is very likely to be exceeded by this English edition. It is extraordinary that the English text has been printed and the book published in Barcelona. It has not even an English nor American imprint, which is still more extraordinary, seeing that there is no history of art published on this ambitious scale.

Its success is due not only to the vast knowledge of its author, knowledge that is thoroughly *au courant* with the latest research, but to his exceptional power of organization.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

He has wound the strands of architecture, sculpture, and painting into a single rope. Moreover, he has so welded the illustrations with the text, that in reading there is no inconvenience in consulting them. But this great work is



POLYCHROME ALABASTER STATUE OF A KING
OF ARAGON

Cathedral of Gerona

From Pijoan's *History of Art* (Salvat Editores)

no mere history of art from the æsthetic point of view. It is a document in which all beauty is debited to the account of humanity. Herein lies its chief value. Any man can read it, understand it, enjoy it. It is a history written succinctly because of its abounding subject-matter, but it

is written easily; it is a book written to be read and not only for the library shelf. For the latter purpose it suffices, for its indexes alone are a boon to the student. And it is a pictorial history, for it has 2,500 illustrations, critically and wisely chosen and admirably reproduced. It has 160 half-tone and colour-page plates in addition, and the colour prints are of the first quality. The plates include pictures and drawings, mural paintings; carved and modelled sculpture and ceramics; metalwork and jewellery; illumination and textiles; architecture, costume, and indeed every manifestation that the art-spirit has made through man's brain, emotions and hands. It is a wonderful work, and its author, translator, and publishers are to be congratulated on an achievement unsurpassed in the annals of art history.

GERMAN AND HUNGARIAN

DIE BÖTTCHERSTRASSE, edited by LUDWIG ROSELIUS.
I-III. Folio, pp. 56. Illus. Insets. Advts. Sewn. (Bremen :
Angelsachsen-Verlag.) Marks 4.

At Worpswede, near Bremen, there is an artists' colony of an advanced type. At the head of it is Bernhard Hoetger, a sculptor of considerable distinction and of distinctive style. Around this original artist are gathered artists in all kinds: in words, music, dancing, painting—in life. They do not work for one art, they work to make all the arts work for life. Hoetger applies his talents to architecture and has designed and built his own extraordinary habitation on the lines of a tree. It has no straight lines, it has just grown, its stems and branches forming its doorways, and other woodwork. Hoetger has carved fantastically, and the house is embellished with the last portentous indications of plastic and glyptic art. Here the internationals who have founded *Die Böttcherstrasse* meet and here they entertain each other and themselves. Sent M'ahesa, the vivid Swedish—now international, for she no longer lives in her native land—dancer, re-creates Indian and other mystic dances. Near by, at Bremen, is another house, as extraordinary as Hoetger's own: the Paula-Becker-Modersohn Haus, also made by him—a structure of wonderful decorative brickwork, in which pictures and relics of the woman whose name it bears, and whose brief biography was noticed in *APOLLO* in July, are treasured. Bremen is very proud of her artists. There is a picture of this house with its ornamental ironwork and its curious tower in *Die Böttcherstrasse*, the most interesting street in Bremen which gives its name to this magazine. Near by and reachable by omnibus and railway is the Kaffee and Hotel Worpswede, where the artists again congregate and enjoy themselves in the *bizarrerie* of the surroundings provided by Bernhard Hoetger. It is under such conditions that this new international journal is being produced—and it is a remarkable production, unlike any other in the world. Its art is practical; it does not compete with the normal magazine, but finds art in science and industry. One of the issues, apropos of the "Presse" exhibition at Cologne, is largely concerned with newspapers, providing a facsimile of a number, old and new. In English there is a page of the first news-sheet printed in 1625, and of "The News of World" of April 22, 1928! There are some reproductions of coloured caricatures also in connection with the press articles. The nature photographs of orchids and sand dunes are remarkable and will astonish the flower and landscape painter. *Die Böttcherstrasse* is astonishing in every way, and not in the least in its advertisement display.

Book Reviews

MAGYAR MŰVÉSZET: No. 2, 1928. Large 8vo., pp. 72.
(Budapest: Athenæum Publishing Co., Ltd.)

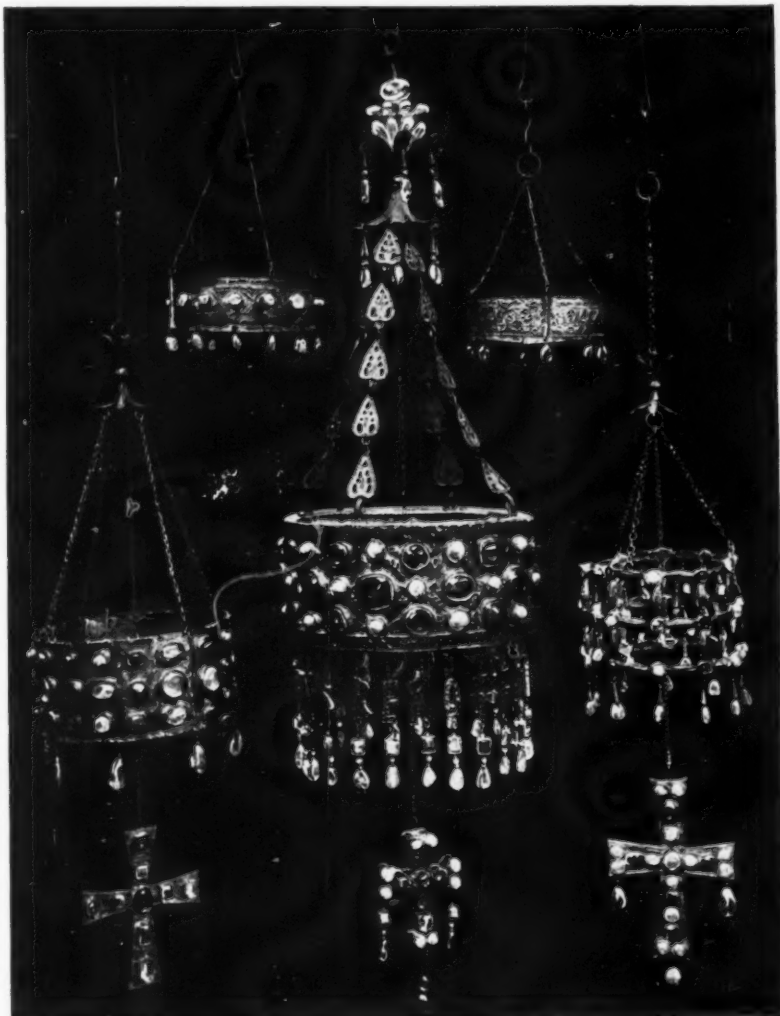
The Hungarians love art in all its forms; and contemporary Magyar art is rich in painters, etchers, and sculptors. The coloured frontispiece of this number, "The Swing," by Paul de Szinyei-Merse, is a fine piece of work in the Museum of Fine Arts, Budapest. Old pictures in the same museum are dealt with, and an article by Dr. Géza Décsai on "Knowledge, Art and Faith" deserves attention. The longest paper in the number deals with the stylized sculpture of Philip O. Beck, the Hungarian medallist, and is illustrated by no fewer than thirty-two good reproductions of his medals, plaques, reliefs, statues, and portraits. The appreciation of sculpture in Hungary is very warm, and there are a considerable number of artists working in the studios provided for them by a Government which, within its limits, is doing more for the encouragement of national art than most other and richer European States.

FADRUSZ JANOS, ÉLETE ÉS MŰVÉSZETE, by LÁZAR BÉLA. Large 8vo., pp. 208 + plates lxxxv. (Budapest: Athenæum Publishing Co.)

Jan Fadrusz is held in affectionate regard in Hungary. Born in 1858 at Pozsony, he died there in 1903. His early death was a blow to Magyar art, for he was its greatest exponent on the sculptural side. His great monument of King Matthias is one of the most conspicuous objects in Budapest. He worked as a carver and was offered the post of manager of the modelling department of an important ceramic manufactory, which he refused. He was ambitious, and fulfilling his early dreams he achieved distinction. At Vienna he worked under the celebrated sculptor Tilgner, and afterwards with the equally well-known Professor Helmer. Fadrusz's first great effort was a "Christ on the Cross," which he desired should surpass in realism any previous work. He bribed a model to be bound in position, but terror overcame him and he had to be liberated, and, naked, fled. Fadrusz had himself bound to the cross after fasting for two weeks to get the required emaciation. From the photograph of his own body he produced the work. Such devotion to art continued throughout his short life. The work had a great popular success, leading to its author's establishment in Budapest, where he built a studio capacious enough for the production of the great monuments he had in mind.

Other monuments by Fadrusz were the Maria Theresa at Pozsony, where the Kings of Hungary were crowned; the Baron Wesselényi, liberator of the serfs at Zilah in

Transylvania; and another which he presented to the same place. All these were destroyed in the war, as it is thought by the Hungarians, with a great display of barbarism. Certainly the loss to Magyar art cannot but be deeply deplored as well as justly deprecated. Dr. Lázár's book is a very thorough study of the life and work of Fadrusz, and, as is the case with Continental historians of art, its



VISIGOTHIC CROWN AND JEWELS OF THE TREASURE OF GUARRAZAR
Cluny Museum, Paris

From Pijoan's *History of Art* (Salvat Editores)

value is increased by its comparative method which extends to the illustrations, which include not only the works of Fadrusz, but many by his predecessors and contemporaries in the plastic arts. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painted portrait by Philip de Laszlo, who was his friend. He is seen with the face of a poet, intelligent, enthusiastic, and visionary. He was much loved by his family and friends, and by the Hungarian nation.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

ONE of the rarest sights that Paris can offer in this month of August is that of a painter. Montparnasse is deserted by all its more or less illustrious inhabitants, and if the far-famed terraces of the *Dôme*, the *Coupole*, the *Rotonde*, and the *Select* are still so crowded that on some nights it is necessary to book a place in advance and wait for it at the bar of the *Wikings* or the *Jungle*, they are crowded with inquisitive tourists who have been reduced to the contemplation of each other.

Montsouris, in the vicinity of the popular park, where a whole city of opulent painters has sprung up, is a desert. Deauville has enticed Foujita, and André Derain has gone with all the speed of his Bugatti to the light little house of the Lecques near Saint Cyr-sur-Mer, on the Mediterranean. However, the tourists who make the journey to Montsouris will not waste their day. If they do not see Foujita, nor Derain, nor Braque (who has remained true to his summer retreat of Sorgues in the papal light of Avignon), nor the great sculptor Despiaux (that grandson of Houdon, who is worrying the feathered and pelted game in the country round Perpignan with a skill that has won him the esteem of the gamekeepers and poachers), they will at least be able to appreciate at leisure the grandeur and the weakness, at any rate the very legitimate ambitions of the modern (and, what is more, modernist) architecture the undisputed leaders of which are Le Corbusier and Bob Mallet-Stevens.

Even the amateur of urbanism, the connoisseur interested in rational aesthetics, will be able to judge of the progress made from the artists' city in the Parc des Princes (in the Bois de Boulogne) to the artists' city at the Parc de Montsouris. But at the Parc des Princes they will find no more activity in the studio than at Montparnasse. One of the respected masters of the place, Marc Chagall, has literally fled!

It is because success has brutally burst upon this extraordinary dreamer, who is not a Slav for nothing. Chagall wanted, once at least, to escape from the solicitations of his admirers and of his dealer. He has gone without leaving an address, to the great distress of the dealer in question, who is not an ordinary dealer, being none other than Ambroise Vollard.

Ambroise Vollard began to appear about 1905 as one of the essential figures of the modern artistic movement, as one who would be remembered in the future and mentioned in history. Already at that period he was not unknown. He had bought the finest Renoirs of the second period, and he had accumulated some incomparable Cézannes long before the men of my generation had carried the great man of Aix-en-Provence to the summit of his glory. Precisely at that moment, Vollard, who might have contented himself as a good dealer in safe values, showed that he was better still by approaching the young who were unknown or decried. Consequently it was to a great extent at Vollard's instigation that the young "Fauves" and their friends the poets, who were soon going to upset the methods of the critics, were able to be initiated into the Cézannian truth.

I have not forgotten that bitter April morning when the first open fiacre of the season, drawn by a lean jade, stopped at the bottom of the steps by the old wall of the citadel

separating the present Place Emile-Goudeau from the arid Rue Ravignan. The mare steamed from having scaled the heights of the Butte Montmartre, the old coachman dozed, and the fare literally snored. It was M. Ambroise Vollard in person, who does not flatter himself in vain on being one of the most remarkable sleepers of the century. Only . . . he always wakes at the right moment.

At the time I am speaking about there was on the Place Emile-Goudeau, which in 1904 had been nothing but a part of the Rue Ravignan, a wonderful post of observation. It was the famous Hôtel du Poirier, where Van Gogh passed several nights; which Utrillo (who has just been made a chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur) often filled with the excesses of his stormy youth; where Emile Bernard dreamed of a new classicism; where the painter Bottini (that extravagant interpreter of the perversities of Montmartre, who made a mess of his watercolours), and the writer Pierre Mac Orlan lived one after another.

The inhabitants of the Poirier soon heard the rumour that Ambroise Vollard, who had at last wakened from his sleep, was going to Picasso in the old wooden house on the place, pointed out today to the tourists interested in art, and called by the youngest historians the "bateau lavoie," though in our youth it was never described otherwise than as the Maison du Trappeur.

That morning Ambroise Vollard carried off the whole contents of Picasso's studio, and transported it in three journeys of his open fiacre to his shop in the Rue Laffitte, where he lived in a basement, the famous "cave à Vollard," where celebrated luncheons were given, and where the host received (between two naps) Maier Graff and the cousin of the Tsar, who had precedence over the collectors Choukine and Morozoff.

We may say that something was changed that morning; before that, Picasso had been glad if he sold at fifty francs works like the first "Femme au Corbeau" of the blue period to the picturesque old man on the Rue des Martyrs who offered, along the walls of the Cirque Medrano, *lits-cages* to painters and paintings to problematic amateurs.

Soon after, Vollard arranged the first exhibition of Vlaminck, who signed his name in full Maurice de Vlaminck without taking much pride in it. And he who had so greatly encouraged André Derain, the companion of his youth, scarcely regarded himself as a real painter. The suggestions of Vollard, the secret authority of that false nonchalant, of that pseudo-sleeper, were needed to convince dear Vlaminck of the absolute reality of himself; pressed by cruel necessity he had hesitated between the professions of cycle racer, professor of solfeggio, of gypsy in a nocturnal café (at that time, oh Rigo! there were still gypsies), and novelist "stronger than Mirbeau," so that one hesitates even to mention the titles of his works. It is only to please refined connoisseurs that I will indicate one of them, "Tout pour ça," and because the book, almost unknown and unobtainable now, is illustrated with some fifty remarkable drawings by André Derain, who made the best of them in the barracks during the years of his military service.

But do not think that I have wandered too far from

Letter from Paris

my subject. When on the morrow after the war Modigliani died tragically, the dealer of the Rue Laffitte—who had moved to a private house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain with his hundreds of Renoirs and Cézannes, his Vlamincks of the "Ecole de Chaton" still influenced by Van Gogh, his Picassos of the blue period and of the suave pink period—felt a genuine shame at having neglected Modigliani. This time Vollard could blame himself for having really slept. He had to make up for it, and brilliantly. Possessing a considerable capital, the impassioned dealer (and that is why a dealer can be presented here, by way of exception) did not hesitate to contend for Modigliani with his modest colleagues. He neglected the operation which might have been realized without disbursing anything. In 1920 it was still possible to have the whole of Modigliani for a small Renoir or three apples by Cézanne. Vollard sought and he found. He found Chagall. He found Chagall who already before the war had lived obscurely in a hovel in Vaugirard, celebrated only by his friends the poets; Chagall, who returned from Russia rather discouraged by the Soviet experiment applied to the fine arts. Vollard enjoyed the Russian's rich plastic qualities, the voluptuous violence of his accords and, above all, the flowers of a limitless imagination with which Chagall approaches to a certain extent the evident intellectuality of Modigliani, though the latter never seemed to go beyond the realism of the figure, while Chagall has never painted anything but fairy scenes.

If Vollard likes to sleep, Chagall likes to dream wide awake. Consequently they are the most eccentric pair imaginable. When Vollard is not sleeping he is asking questions. His *dites-moi donc*, the leitmotiv of his conversation, is famous. It happens that Vollard—who is inclined to visit his pensioners every day and has acquired a powerful car to be in touch with Vlaminck, who lives in a Norman farm 150 kilometres from Paris—comes to question Chagall the days when the Russian wants to dream to his heart's content.

It is thanks to his *dites-moi donc* that Ambroise Vollard was able to collect sufficient notes to write his "Renoir" and his "Cézanne" with such unprecedented verve. But Chagall, pressed by a Parisian publisher, has resolved to write a "Life of Chagall" himself; memoirs in which fantasy and realism are mingled like in his canvases. Nothing is more moving in the first pages than his evocation of Jewish life in the framework of Russian life; the voice of the birches according to the Jewish choruses.

Well, does not this explain Chagall's desertion? A painter is lost! He has fled from his manager. He will be found; but what a bad summer the historian-dealer (who is also the author of a "Life of Saint Monica") will have passed, though he has collected a staff and had a special studio built for the printing and colouring of the fables of La Fontaine visualized by Chagall!

To console himself, M. Vollard has asked some privileged people to admire an early Vlaminck that he has hung up in his dining-room among his choicest Cézannes. It is a rare honour in two ways. The youthful work of Vlaminck, an oblong panel, is really extraordinary. It is the portrait of a woman, full of mastery in drawing and handling, in no way foreshadowing the canvases governed by the spirit of Van Gogh which assured the Fleming's reputation in Paris. The astonishing thing is that, except for some graphic passages of pure white in the bodice

which suffice to betray the master, everything in this figure might have been claimed by Modigliani; but by the Modigliani of 1915-20, the Liburnian, who was by no means precocious, having only attracted the attention of his comrades and of the advanced critics about 1912. Consequently Modigliani could not have influenced Vlaminck in 1900. As for Modigliani, there is nothing that would allow one to suppose that he had ever even heard of Vollard's actual discovery.

I do not despair of one day being able to give here a reproduction of this singular work, and have waited for



COMPOSITION

By Roland Oudot

the photograph to the last minute. No doubt the owner must be asleep—if he is not too well awake.

There are no more painters at Montmartre, where few remain, than at Montparnasse, where they usually swarm; nor are they more numerous in the smart quarters where artists both from the "left" and the "right" have established themselves; those who, not having the patience to await the hour of a more normal success, more serenely established—the great success of Picasso, Derain, Braque, Vlaminck, Dufy, Friesz, and today of Kisling—have sought immediate fortune by turning to fashionable portrait-painting. M. Jean Gabriel Domergue, who flatters himself, not without courage, on being *artiste française*, that is to say, *pompier*, has abandoned his Elysian studio filled with eighteenth-century relics bequeathed to him by his master, Gaston Latouche (that little official Watteau), for the drawing-rooms of Ministers. Domergue has established himself at Juan-les-Pins. As for Van Dongen, he has closed the windows of that house in the Rue Juliette-Lamber, near the Ternes, where he gave

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so many nautical fêtes by candle-light in the first aristocratic and nocturnal swimming-bath of Paris. He meets all his guests at Deauville at the hour of the "Pompeian bath," while his rival in fashion and in plastic ruses, Foujita, the *Samurai* of Montsouris, devotes himself to acrobatics on the sand assisted by Mme. Youki Foujita and Mme. Maryse Choisy, a Belgian-like Youki, and whose divorce



VISION POLYNÉSIENNE (TAHITI)

By Morillot

from a Georgian diplomat has just been pronounced in London, which she has related in a French journal. O Cosmopolis!

At Juan-les-Pins J. G. Domergue, the dandy of the *pompier*s, met Picabia, the inventor of Dadaist painting. It is true that when Picabia renounces eccentricities we may get exhibitions of works that deserve a mention at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

It is certainly more interesting to follow Kisling in his

travels. This young artist, who has attained mastery, did not usually leave his Parisian studio, where he paints with astonishing science of modelling, with imperious government of colour, so many figures by turns voluptuous and poignant, except for the country or the ports of Provence of which his vivid eye knows the measure, instructed by Cézanne certainly, but free of those tricks which encumber so many others and which only counterfeit the anxiety of the master of bowls placed awry. Kisling owes this serenity to his good health and his fine intellectual equilibrium, and consequently to his horror of the systematic (in his natural love of the lyrical) which allowed him to profit by Renoir's fine example without mimicry.

This year Kisling has turned traitor to the South of France and has gone to see Holland.

I think a first stay in Rotterdam and on the bourgeois beach at Scheveningen failed to satisfy him. Did he not pack up to return to Savary-sur-Mer, between Marseilles and Toulon, with all the speed of his 10 h.p. Citroën? But he passed by Amsterdam, not being able to leave Holland without visiting the Museum, in spite of the fierce advice of Vlaminck, who (suspected of having honestly devoted the best of his youth to it) holds that one shouldn't set foot there.

For Kisling it was a thunderbolt. Where others, too much concerned with themselves, would have been squashed, Kisling was simply illuminated. All that this ardent and lucid artist—who from his twentieth year has been considered as a realist of classical sentiment, a master of "organized naturalism"—all that he felt will be explained if I repeat what he wrote to me, namely, that the Museum of Amsterdam made him understand the whole of Holland in enabling him not only to analyse but to penetrate entirely the "light of Vermeer."

He took a studio overlooking one of the canals, and, braving the fogs which equal those of London, he is there still. The exhibition that Kisling will offer us of his "Dutch period" is anticipated with great interest.

There was also a "Dutch period" in the changeable and yet united work of Picasso. It is little known, I would even say that it is entirely unknown, to a great number of connoisseurs, if the real connoisseurs are not precisely those who distinguish in Picasso's compositions between 1906 and the beginning of cubism the indirect influence of the Dutch masters, and especially of that luminous quality which makes the Amsterdam Museum such a place of enchantment.

The boat on which the writer Pierre Benoit recently returned to France also brought two painters—one very young, Urbain Faure; the other, Morillot, hardened and tanned by twenty-five years of colonial life. Both had been drawn to Tahiti by the mystic appeal of Paul Gauguin. If it is probable that Urbain Faure (who visited the Touhamoton and Gambia islands as well) will never again return to Polynesia, Morillot will soon return to shut himself up in the flowery house where he settled down one day, turning his back on Europe after giving in his resignation as officer, and letting his cruiser the *Durance* leave without him.

Morillot would not have Europe know him except through his work. Indeed, he has only become half-savage, and he still consents to have an exhibition. I have just seen the elements of it brought together at the Galerie Girard, and everything leads one to think that it will be as great a success as the first one which Paris greeted five

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Letter from Paris

years ago in the Galerie Barbazanges (which has now disappeared and has recently been transformed into an annex of Bernheim Jeune)—the first exhibition of the sailor who preferred the brush of Paul Gauguin to the pen of Pierre Loti.

It is impossible that there was no relationship of whatever degree between the work of Morillot and the work of Gauguin. First of all, one must bear in mind the limited number of immutable subjects in an island of slight dimensions and where the remains of savagery and the lazy attempts at civilization have become equally crystallized. Besides, it is difficult to contend against the unique pictorial tradition of the place, when it happens to be one of the most tyrannical.

A solitary intellectual among half-savages and white men who resemble those described by Conrad, nourished by the immense literature consecrated to Gauguin who was such a literary painter, Morillot can scarcely escape certain weaknesses. He not only treats the same subjects—against which, I think, I have nothing to say—but he has a mania for complicating his canvases in imitation of the master with legends in the Maori language. Like the master, he is fond of signing with a monogram, forgetting in 1928 that it was a fashion of the period from 1888 to 1898, the symbolist period, encumbered with so many decorative considerations that prevented Gauguin himself from attaining his proper summit.

What, then, is the part of Morillot? Paul Gauguin had genius and contented himself with it. He painted as a splendid egotist; he did not "advance the arts," as the pedants say. Though a man of genius, Gauguin nevertheless belongs to that post-Impressionist generation which has left no example, which has not refixed the thread of the great tradition, and which, according to the doctrinal expression of "l'Art Vivant," "led painting to the brink of amorphism." Paul Gauguin had genius; Morillot has the courage to cultivate talent in the real and mystic domain of Gauguin. A brilliant organizer of pictorial elements, a poet before being a painter, the great Gauguin only painted on the surface; he never succeeded in penetrating the canvas; his colour was never absorbed. Morillot aspires to "good painting." It is a new drama, and a drama of solitude. Morillot has to battle with the threats of "pompiers," working for the classical renaissance far from sane confraternities; far from a Derain who kneels before Corot, without forgetting that he let the revolution loose; far from a Kisling who painted a Port of Marseille as a devotee to Poussin, without forgetting that he had been a furious destroyer. Morillot, who is a dreamer, is largely led by what he is able to penetrate in the Maori soul. His exhibition this autumn is more restrained and marks a definite progress on the compositions submitted to our judgment five years ago.

One of the summer exhibitions which I mentioned in my last letter has brought out a young artist of great merit, Roland Oudot. The art-lover who crosses the Channel this autumn will see his work at the Galerie Carmine on the left bank and at the Galerie Girard on the right bank, where an Oudot exhibition is being arranged. His art is singularly French, and has real freshness of sentiment

and a will for organization which provide food for thought. How are the youngest ones not to be troubled, when the masters, after having renewed everything, took such pains to solidly renew tradition? When Derain in his forties, and after the adventures of *Colour Volume* and *Cubism*, does not hesitate to approach Corot with passionate inquiry, we may see Roland Oudot bending over the long-forgotten work of François Millet, though resolved not to neglect any of the new methods transmitted directly by the generation of 1905-10.



VISION POLYNÉSIENNE (TAHITI)

By Morillot

Alas! many young painters have succumbed—martyrs of dual solicitations. But it seems that Roland Oudot, on the contrary, will soon find his complete balance. He will then be one of the first that must inevitably appear, ensuring the definite disappearance of the mournful academism, but delivering us, at the same time, from the vain divisions of "right" and "left," the stupidities of the "advance guard" and the *Indépendants*—as if all painters shouldn't be independent—leading us finally back to painting in its harmonious unity.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

WHAT THE CRITICS THINK OF CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS

By H. E. WORTHAM

THERE can be no doubt that the nationalization of the Promenade Concerts has been a commercial success. One has not seen any Socialists pointing to it as a confirmation of the soundness of their creed; but if concerts are to be judged by the fullness of the auditorium and the heat of the atmosphere, then the Promenades this season have been, and still are, brilliantly successful. Publicity, I suppose, is what has done it. The standard is the same as it has been ever since the war, possibly, indeed, a little lower in the string section of the orchestra, and the programmes are similar. The great masters between Bach and Brahms are still the favourites, Brahms having now recovered from the partial eclipse which his music underwent ten years ago, when there was a violent reaction against the musical logic of which he is the supreme master. He has come through that storm with enhanced prestige; and it is well to note that previously neglected works of his, like the splendid B Flat Piano Concerto, are being played more frequently than before. As for Bach, he holds, without question, his place as the Shakespeare of music. Bach nights are crowded to suffocation, and one may notice amongst the audience on such evenings a spiritual fervour which no other composer seems able to excite. Now that the centenary is over, Beethoven, on the other hand, shines with a waning light. He has to share his Friday nights with Mozart—taking the lion's portion, it is true—and even Promenade audiences find it difficult to wax enthusiastic over his earlier piano concertos, which compare so unfavourably with the easy grace of Mozart's. Beethoven probably still heads the list of Promenade composers, if one excepts Wagner, who still monopolizes Mondays, and evidently has a fervent following amongst the habitués. But the impression I have gained is that Bach commands the profoundest loyalties.

It is noticeable, by the way, that the movement of two and three years ago towards the pre-Bach period, as exemplified, for instance, in our own madrigals, has been arrested. The English singers have taken us back no more to the apparent simplicity of an earlier time—apparent because, if the masters of the polyphonic school had a small harmonic range, in rhythm and in musical texture they were more sensitive than any of their successors have been.

So then we see that the handful of people who care for music—and they are only a handful compared with the vast army of jazz-lovers—still react to the same masterpieces, and that since the death of Brahms, which occurred more than thirty years ago, no composer has arisen who can presume to contribute more than one number to any programme. It is noticeable, indeed, how both Saint-Saëns and Strauss are less prominent than they used to be; whilst there is no contemporary composer, whether foreign

or native, who seems able to establish any decided popularity, as Tchaikowsky, for example, did in the late 'nineties and early nineteen hundreds.

Here is the crux of the question. The vitality of music—one cannot say it too often—does not depend on organization, money or commercial acumen. It does not depend on highly trained orchestras which give so-called perfect performances of the classics, on great choirs holding elaborate festivals, or piano competitions held by the "Daily Express," or on the hundred and one things which are allowed to obscure the real issue. Far be it from me, within the limits of these brief notes, to attempt to trace to their source the springs of music, which must flow from the heart of a people and be canalized by the efforts of individual genius. Music is a kind of spiritual barometer, from which one may read the markings of joy and sorrow and the other reactions of the heart of the community to its environment. The composer is the instrument whose business it is to make those records, and by his sensitiveness we should be able to judge of the quality of the life in his time. A glance at musical history shows how the great exemplars of the past have fulfilled this function. In any of them we may see reflected the guiding principles of the society in which they moved. Handel's classic sense of form, Mozart's surface elegance concealing from profane ears the passionate romanticism that lies below, Gluck's "convulsions"—it would be easy to match these three examples from the eighteenth century with others before and after.

But the interest of history lies, for us, in the light it can throw upon our own time; and the question any reflective patron of the Promenades must ask, sooner or later, is what we are doing to hand on the torch which burnt with such effulgence in the hands of the generations whose heirs we are. The B.B.C. has not been unmindful of its obligations to try and satisfy such legitimate curiosity, and the "Novelty List" for the Promenades consists of over a dozen new works by composers, some of whom, like Strauss and Sibelius and Schönberg, have an international reputation, whilst others belong to our own younger generation whose names are as yet barely known to music-lovers in this country. What indications have these compositions given of the spiritual struggles of their begetters? Does the heavenly ichor flow in their veins? Do they carry upon them the impress of the things that endure? In a word, Are they still-born, or will they stand for posterity as the harvest of an age which, whatever its faults, looked life in the face and lived intensely?

Nobody could be silly enough to expect the whole list to be masterpieces. On the other hand, reasonable conjecture might ask that one or two should be either born in the purple, or else so difficult to detect from the works

Music of the Month

for which this honour is reserved that the critics, always ready to give the benefit of the doubt, should have invested them with the imperial insignia. There is no year, I think, between, say, 1775 and 1875, when this could not have been assured. The difficulty in Victorian times was to determine between the many would-be wielders of the sceptre. Musicians like Spohr, Raff, and Rheinberger had many supporters during their heyday whose loyalty knew no bounds. And above these there were always the masters whose primacy has been ratified by posterity.

How great the change that has come over music—or over us—is only too apparent when one attends the Proms., watches the reactions of the audience, and reads the opinions of the critics in the next morning's papers.

Here, for instance, are some judgments taken from the dailies—the "Times," the "Daily Telegraph," and the "Manchester Guardian"—which allow the space in their columns for considered criticism. All three are clearly served by critics who are nothing if not kind-hearted and only too ready to accord the praise that musicians (and sub-editors) love. But kind though they be, they are unable to disguise their feelings of disillusion and frustration in the new works which they have not heard before. This is what they say on the first performance in England of a pianoforte concerto by Alexander Tansman, a Polish composer who is well thought of by the compatriots of Paderewski and Chopin. Mr. Eric Blom, the "Manchester Guardian" critic, writes:—

"A certain superficiality, a certain toying with things that are not likely to look so well when once their newness has worn off and other surprises have been sprung by the next generation of composers. For the moment, however, this concerto is delightful to listen to. It is firm in design and clear in treatment—an attractive and adroitly contrived show-piece."

That does not get us very far. A show-piece—not thus can music register the transcendental values which is its special function amongst the arts. Mr. Hughes, of the "Daily Telegraph," is even more categorical. "Tansman's talent," he says, "is characteristic of what is happening in Europe today: glib, facile, cheerful, but giving one the impression of somehow lacking direction." And the "Times" critic describes it as a fluent piece of writing, ingenious rather than original. So much for Poland, as represented by Tansman.

America, in the person of Leo Sowerby, now thirty-three years of age and enjoying an established reputation in his own country, fared no better. His overture, "Comes Autumn Time," sounded to Mr. Blom like "a few minutes' polite and agreeable conversation," and to Mr. Hughes like "early Elgar, one time cacophonous Strauss—and a little Sousa." "A jolly little work," he added kindly, "but hardly Mr. Sowerby's best." The "Times," without committing itself thus far, observed that "unfortunately the clever use of instrumental sounds does not in itself constitute good music, any more than a mere conglomeration of bright pigments on a canvas will make a fine picture." So much for Professor Sowerby.

Let it not be thought that our London critics of music

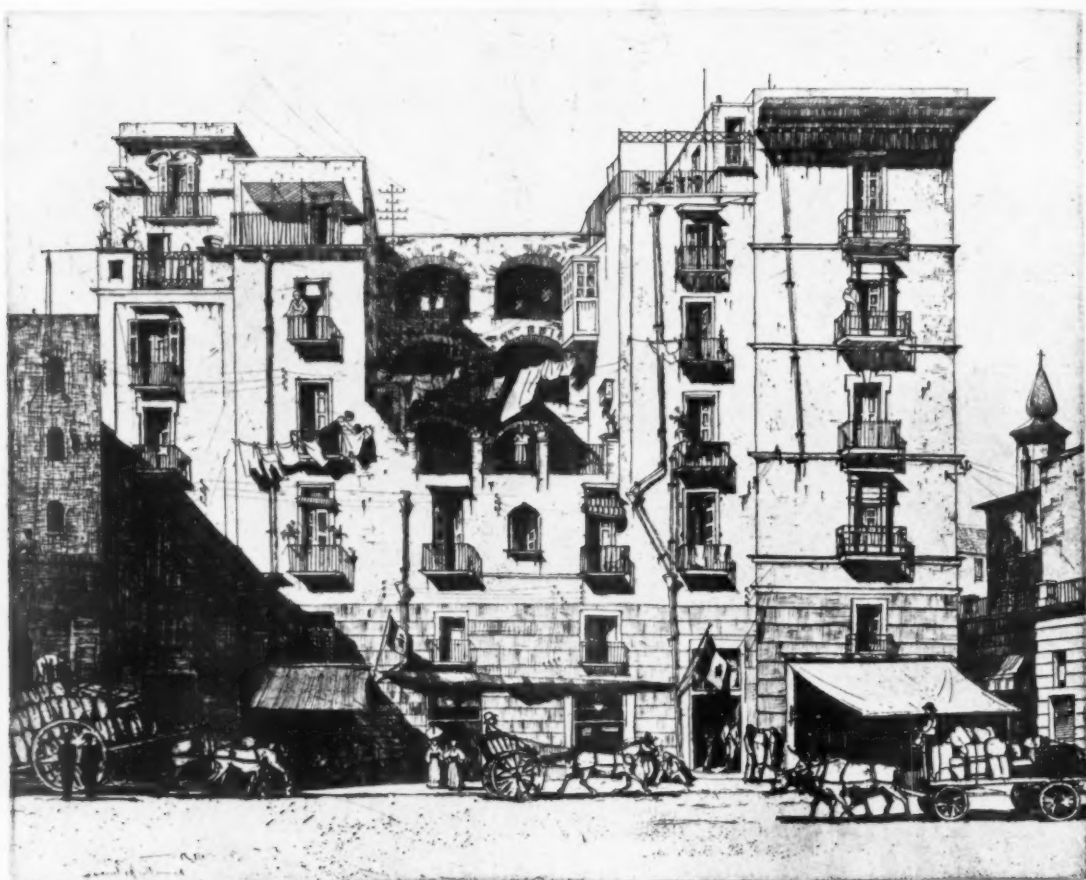
are suffering from any nationalist complexes. Mr. Godfrey Sampson, a young English composer, who conducted his own symphony, had no better luck. The "Times" called it a "student work" and objected to the craftsmanship of the scoring. Mr. Blom, always judicial and speaking with a care that would do credit to the High Court, failed "to discern in this symphony that vitality whereby any music of true significance implants in the listener a periodical craving to hear it again," though he, showing the true kindness of the critic, looked forward to Mr. Sampson's "next work with sympathetic expectancy." Neither the "Times" nor the "Manchester Guardian" were so careful not to discourage Strauss, and I have not the heart to repeat their remarks on his "Parergon to the Sinfonia Domestica," a piano concerto in which the soloist is only required to use his left hand—it was written for a pianist who lost his right arm in the war. Enough if I quote Mr. Hughes, who, writing of the same concert at which both compositions were performed, said: "I do not think that either of the two new works is likely to be heard again—much."

So far, so bad. And there is not a great deal of encouragement to be gained from their notices of new works by Kodály and Sibelius, who stand out amongst contemporary composers for never having attempted to gain the ear of the greater public, notwithstanding the latter's "Valse Triste." Kodály's suite "Háry János," however, received only qualified praise. "The music is certainly dramatic in character," said the "Times." "On the whole an attractive work," wrote the "Daily Telegraph" critic, "non-classical enough in spirit to make one doubt its abiding qualities," though he added that as an essay in orchestral colour it was a "brilliant success." And Mr. Blom, striving to be fair but having to admit that this suite did not reach the level of inspiration that makes the distinction of other works by Kodály, said that, regarded simply as music, its numbers were "often appealing and never less than attractive." Sibelius's "Tapiola," a symphonic poem which I referred to in my notice of that composer in the February APOLLO this year, had an even less favourable press. "It will never be a popular piece . . . It makes one think of vast stretches of gloomy forest," said one. The "Times" admitted that it deserved a better reception and paid a tribute to its strong, consistent texture. But its stern Finnish character effectually nipped any tendency to enthusiasm.

Well—the Promenade Concerts are not over yet, and perhaps Schönberg, and Eric Fogg and Gordon Jacob and Dorothy Howell—whose "novelties" have still to come—will inspire less depressing reflections by those whose business it is to appraise the value of contemporary music as to point out the beauties of the classics. One thing is clear. We cannot live upon our musical capital without eventual bankruptcy. On the contrary, the most vivid musical periods have left their capital untouched and spent nothing but their income. It would be a healthier sign if we had less admiration for the past and more for the present. But that is not a thing which can be accomplished by intellectual conviction.



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ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST



THE BI-CENTENARY OF FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI'S BIRTH

The second centenary of the birth of Bartolozzi is being fitly celebrated this year in Florence, the place of his birth, and in London, the place of his principal activities, by memorial exhibitions—one in the Print Room of the Uffizi Gallery, the other in Room 71 of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Bartolozzi was probably the most popular engraver of any age; for not only did he produce a great number of keenly-competed-for prints that are after a hundred or a hundred and fifty years still widely admired and collected, but he even inspired a host of fashionable dilettanti to devote themselves to his craft either by learning to engrave

in his manner or by furnishing designs to be engraved by him or his numerous pupils and assistants.

The reason for this popularity is not far to seek. His stipple engravings, an improvement upon the earlier prints produced by this method, have a kind of appeal that satisfies the many who are insensitive to the deeper qualities of art, and consequently also the sublimer experiences of life.

Immensely skilful though he was as a technician—a fact which is proved rather by his unpopular etchings and "unimportant" engravings than by his highly-prized "stipple" prints—he was driven by the taste of the period to devote his talent to the reproduction of the pseudo-classical compositions of a Cipriani or an Angelica Kauffmann. That his stipple engravings were "pretty" no one would deny, and they were made prettier still by being printed in red, grey or pale blue ink, and also in several colours. All these adventitious aids rather depreciate than enhance the reputation he deserves, in spite of the fact that his stipple engravings of, for example, "Miss Nellie Farren," after Lawrence, fetch anything from two hundred to more than twelve hundred pounds; of "Lady Betty Foster," after Reynolds, anything from one hundred to nearly five hundred pounds—and so forth.

His real calibre, however, is seen in such monochrome prints as the stipple portrait of "General Sir Ralph Abercrombie," after Hoppner, or his mixed line and stipple portrait of the "Earl of Rosslyn," after Owen, which combine fine draughtsmanship with the rich quality of mezzotints. Similarly his imitations of wash drawings and line drawings of old masters like Guercino, Castiglione, Caracci, either in stipple, or engraving and mezzotint, or pure etching, indicate his real worth. Quite charming and rather better "art" are his stipple engravings on trade and invitation cards and diplomas, such as the one for the Royal Academy, of which he was one of the earliest members. Several of these lesser known things, amongst them an amusing portrait of Dr. Arne from his own design (Bartolozzi was a great lover of music), are on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

As to a few biographical data which a notice of a memorial exhibition calls for, Bartolozzi was born in 1728 at Florence, in the academy of which city he received his

Art News and Notes

first instructions. He learnt the craft of engraving in Venice from Joseph Wagner. He was invited to London, as "Historical Engraver to His Majesty King George III," in 1764. In 1769, on the foundation of the Royal Academy, he became one of its members. In 1802 he was offered a post as director of a School of Engraving in Lisbon, where he died in 1815.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY AT R.W.S. GALLERIES

Can photography claim a place among the Fine Arts? This year's "Salon" is perhaps one of the best ever held, and yet if one were to accept the level of the majority

as a standard the answer would have to be an emphatic "no." The trouble is that most photographers have insufficient respect for their medium. Misled, perhaps, by etymological relationship, they consider photography as one of the graphic arts, and therefore tease it and torment it as if they could thereby force it to rival or surpass them. They forget that the graphic arts are human, that the photographic lens is unhuman, since the camera has no brain. If our own eyes were mere optical attachments to our brain; if seeing and thinking were, normally, two separate actions, artists would be in the same hopeless predicament in which most photographers manifestly are. Our eyes are almost blind unless or until our mind tells them what to select from the chaos of visual facts they constantly have before them; without this selective capacity they only respond mechanically to inner or outer stimuli. But, on the other hand, the camera makes its records naturally with greater precision once its focus is properly adjusted by the human eye. The more carefully, therefore, the photographer eliminates the undesirable *before* it reaches the lens, and the less he tampers with the image after it has reached the plate, the better for the results he hopes to achieve: the truer, in fact, his art.

This was here in some cases convincingly illustrated, notably by such straightforward photography as Mr. Paul Fripp's "Spring at Assisi" (see illustration on this page), which is just a simple photograph taken at the right moment from an admirable viewpoint; or, as Mr. W. Bennington's several capital contributions, notably his "Arthur Thomson, Esq., M.A." (243), which is a plain piece of work done, however, by one who has an eye for character and design, and knows how to make the best of the limitations of the camera. Most people, photographers

and others, have, however, the idea that a simple statement of facts cannot really be art; that to become "art" things must be done "artistically," that is to say by piling a mountain of irrelevance on a molehill of substance. Thus it is not surprising that such "mountainous" art generally predominates here as elsewhere: damsels dressed or otherwise, doing irrelevant things in irrelevant poses; landscapes faked to look like woolly impressionistic or dreamily romantic paintings. Even so ingenious a photographer as Mr. Cecil Beaton, whose "Miss Baba Beaton as the Duchess of Malfi" is a clever compound of nature (the sitter) and art (the costume and the background), inclines to mistake eccentricity of the *mise-en-scène*—as in the portrait of "The Marquise de Casa Maury" who is photographed behind a grille—for artistry. But he is,

nevertheless, working on right lines in that he makes the art turn upon the *mise-en-scène*, and not upon subsequent "faking." Only this problem must be rightly understood. Mr. Hugh Cecil's excellent photograph of "Lady Lavery as Lady Hamilton," for example, receives its aesthetic value from Romney, who controlled, in the last analysis, the stage-effect; whilst in Herr Vogelsang's seductive "Study" the aesthetic values are produced by manipulations of negative and print, the result being a kind of pseudo-lithograph. If photography, which is



SPRING AT ASSISI

By Paul Fripp

essentially the art of light, is to render light effects in its own medium, the artist should leave their record to the camera. This has been done successfully by several, notably by Mr. K. D. Smith in his "Bumboat Man," and in the almost uncannily robot-like effect of a "New York Booking Hall" (147), where the very sunbeams seem to have been tempered to the "shorn lambs" of civilization. Mr. Smith gets his effects from unusual viewpoints. In Mr. Mortimer's capital studies of breaking waves, notably in "The Foot of the Cliff," the effect is gained by the sense of movement. It is by thinking of the *mise-en-scène*, not in terms of subject-matter only, but in terms of abstract pattern, that photographs, like pictures, are endowed with aesthetic value. In this respect the Japanese photographers far exceed their Western brethren in originality and subtlety, which is, perhaps, not to be wondered at seeing that they have an inborn appreciation of "pattern," on which they have now grafted certain Western theories. Mr. Furuya's "Study of Lines" (see illustration on page 236) is a landscape "pattern" of this kind. Mr. Ohara's "Gray" is another kind of pattern of extreme originality; it seems to exude a sense of fat, viscous self-satisfaction from the aspect of thick paint

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MORNING LIGHT

By Kimura

flowing from a can into a bowl. Mr. Ota's "Wire"—rolls of netting such as are used in the concrete foundations of modern roads—sets up a curiously "warm" rhythm; Mr. Kira's "Phials," an arrangement of thin glasses, communicates by its admirable line and texture an even more extraordinary sensation of cool, limpid clarity; it is a perfect little lyric on the glassiness of glass. How æsthetic beauty may be distilled from the commonest facts is illustrated by Mr. Kimura's "Morning Light" (see above). Several Europeans have attempted similar effects, for example, Monsieur Philippe in "Voetjes," Herr Trager in "Industry," and Mr. H. B. Fisher in "Design—Rectangles," but with not quite the same subtlety and success. One thing, however, seems certain: it is these æsthetic renderings of optical facts, the amazingly ingenious use of contours, foreshortenings, mass- and shadow-shapes—Mr. Kira is a veritable genius in this art—that constitute a real approach of photography to a Fine Art, and their study should do the painter "a power of good."

H. F.

THE NEW FRANZ HALS AT THE MUSÉE ROYAL DES BEAUX-ARTS, BRUSSELS

The Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts has recently received a magnificent donation, Madame Brugmann, née de Waha, having given a masterpiece by Franz Hals in memory of her husband.

It is a group of three children, evidently portraits: a boy and two little girls, playing in the open air with a goat harnessed to a chariot (see plate facing page 228).

The measurement of the canvas is approximately 6 ft. 8 in. in height by a little over 4 ft. in width.

The late M. Ernest Brugmann acquired it long ago from the sale, in Paris, of a very well-known collection, and paid for it a price which, even then, seemed very high. The work is mentioned in E. W. Moes' book on "Franz Hals, His Life and Work," page 104 (Van Oest, Brussels, 1909); also by A. von Wurzbach in his "Niederländisches Künstler Lexicon."

Apart from this written evidence proving the existence of this masterpiece, the picture, hidden in a private house, was practically unknown except by a few connoisseurs and dealers who incessantly worried the owner for permission to view and offers of sale. There is little doubt that, had it been submitted to the test of a public auction, it would have reached a sensational price. Franz Hals is, in fact, one of the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century most eagerly sought after, and the gift of Madame Brugmann is among the most charming of the master's works. It seems to date towards the beginning of his maturity, and one cannot avoid comparing this group of children with the Corneille de Vos family group, which the Musée of Brussels is also fortunate to possess. In both pictures there are not only similarities of period, but also analogies of style and interpretation. Franz Hals was born in Antwerp (or Malines) in 1580: Corneille de Vos in 1585. It is not surprising, therefore, that the two painters, being under the influences of the same surroundings and even of the same masters, should have met in the execution of these portraits.

The one by Corneille de Vos is dated 1621. Was the Hals canvas painted earlier? The question of priority of one or the other painting is not actually established. The Brugmann picture is in a state of perfect preservation; only the varnish is superficially decomposed in some spots; a simple cleaning in the hands of a clever restorer would revive its primitive brilliancy. The technique is light and precise, reminiscent of the double portrait in the Musée in Amsterdam of Franz Hals as a young man with his



STUDY OF LINES

By Furuya

Advertisements



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Art News and Notes



RIVER SCENE

With Notre Dame, Paris, from the Pont d'Austerlitz

By C. R. W. Nevinson

smiling wife. One misses the extreme fluidity of technique and a clever handling of details which thirty years of experience were to give later to the painter; here, he is still the student faithfully copying his model without sacrificing any detail.

The little boy standing on the right of the picture is charming and full of life; seated in a diminutive carriage the youngest of the little sisters is all smiles; the other little girl is no less joyful; a long-haired, black and white goat, garlanded with a collar of flowers, occupies the left front plane. The background consists of shrubs and trees silhouetted on a pale golden-yellow sky.

Nothing can describe the animation of the eyes of these three happy children. Franz Hals is the master of expression when painting lips beautified by feelings of happiness—such as his "Laughing Cavalier" (Wallace collection), so well known, and many of his other creations where the infectious gaiety of the model is so characteristic as to give quite naturally the title of the picture. The new Franz Hals in Brussels is a beautiful composition, a real poem of fresh childhood.

A century later a Joshua Reynolds or a Greuze would probably have painted the same subject with a suspicion of joyous sweetness.

The harmonious balance of the Brugmann group gives it a grandeur and force and a profound feeling of life.

If we include the two other Hals pictures already in the Musée of Brussels—the portrait of Johannes Hoornbeek, professor at the University of Leyden, and the portrait of W. Van Heythuysen, founder of a hospital at Haarlem—this magnificent picture completes to perfection the representation of this great master in the galleries devoted in the museum to the Dutch school.

P. L.

THE NEVINSON EXHIBITION

Both rooms at the Leicester Galleries will be occupied in October by the eighty paintings and drawings with

which C. R. W. Nevinson has been occupied during the two or three years that have elapsed since his last one-man show. There will be less cubistic work, for Nevinson never beats a tired donkey. There will, however, be plenty of fresh study of Nature, as well as human nature and architecture, the work of human hands. Landscapes and seascapes; skyscrapers and nudes; still-life and some abstract experiments will together form the usual intriguing ensemble which is expected of this unexpected artist. It is never known quite what is to be expected of him; indeed, he never knows quite what to expect from himself. So large a show, however, could hardly be less than representative, and some of the works are impressive in size, in subject, and in execution. The river scene, "From the Pont d'Austerlitz," shows a new conception of a well-known Parisian subject, and is representative of many others of equal interest. It is reproduced on this page.

A CERAMIC EXHIBITION

The exhibition of ceramic pieces by Stella Crofts at the Redfern Gallery in November will interest the many collectors now interested in pottery, especially animal



PELICANS

Pottery group by Stella Crofts

pottery. Stella Crofts is a lover of animals and does their portraits very well and features them in distinctive naturalistic groups. The "Pelican Group" is typical of several that are to appear in her exhibition. She not only models all her pieces, but glazes and fires them in her own kiln.

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THE MACPHERSON COLLECTION OF MARITIME PRINTS AND PAINTINGS: GUILDHALL EXHIBITION

Owing to the generosity of Sir James Caird, this collection, which includes no fewer than 12,000 items and is said to be worth nearly £140,000, has been saved for the nation. It is eventually to be housed in a National Maritime Museum which is to be established at Greenwich. A selection of these prints and paintings will meantime be exhibited, by arrangement with the trustees of the collection, at the Guildhall Art Gallery. We are informed that the exhibition will be opened by the Lord Mayor on Friday, October 26, and will remain on view for about two months.

ANOTHER NEW NAVAL INSTITUTION: THE NELSON MUSEUM AT PORTSMOUTH

Donations are invited for the funds of a Nelson Museum which is to be established as part of the restoration of the "H.M.S. Victory Scheme." According to a report in the "Times," provisional buildings are situated quite near to the ship and several thousand pounds are required for converting them into a museum. To defray the cost the authorities must rely on the generosity of private donors, as the Admiralty cannot at present provide money for it, and all that has been given to the "Save the Victory Fund" is needed for the ship.

ANTOINE BOURDELLE EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS

The Palais des Beaux-Arts at Brussels is organizing for the autumn a comprehensive exhibition of the work of Antoine Bourdelle. This, it is stated, will be the first occasion on which the monuments, sculpture, and bas-reliefs, as well as the principal designs and pastels of the French master, will have been shown at one exhibition.

The director of the Palais des Beaux-Arts (Rue Royale 10, Brussels) would be pleased to hear from owners or admirers of this artist's works.

COLLECTION OF DR. ALFRED GANZ

The pictures belonging to the collection of the great industrial magnate, Alfred Ganz of Lucerne, will be put up for sale at the auction rooms of Messrs. Paul Cassirer of Berlin towards the end of autumn.

This exceptionally fine collection of modern masters includes fifteen important works of Louis Corinth, amongst them the famous portrait of Rittner as "Florian Ceyer," "The Dancer of the Veils," and "Self-Portrait, 1918,"; also important works of von Bocklin, Trübner, Liebermann, Thoma, Paula Becker-Modersohn, Hodler, Derain, Vlaminck, Othon Friesz, and others.

OBITUARY

British sculpture sustains a severe blow in the recent death of Henry Poole, R.A. The Academy, too, is seriously affected, while the Chelsea Arts Club has lost its best friend. Poole had many friends and no enemies. He was a quiet man who never asked a favour, but received many



NEREIDS: ARCHITECTURAL GROUP

By the late Henry Poole, R.A.

(From *Sculpture of Today*, by Kington Parkes; Chapman & Hall)

marks of affection from those who knew him. Born in 1873 in Westminster, as a sculptor he is to be placed in the Lambeth Group, which is largely composed of men who have worked in architectural sculpture. Here Poole was at his best, as his many exterior architectural groups prove. They are to be seen on various commercial and public buildings in London, and "Nereids" is an example of his refined style. At Cardiff is his statue of Giraldus Cambrensis, and here also are several pieces of his structural work done in conjunction with the late E. A. Richards, the talented architect. Other statues are at Nottingham and Bristol. Of late Poole had carved, not only in stone and marble, but in wood, and specimens of his woodwork have recently been installed in the new chapel at St. Paul's, which contains other work of his.

Franz von Stuck has just died. He was born in 1863 at Tettenweis, in Bavaria, and had claims to the titles of architect, sculptor and painter. It was as the latter that he made his reputation. Beginning as an illustrator he developed into a successful exponent of allegorical and mythological decoration. His pictures are in the principal Continental galleries and are regarded as the fine flower of the Munich School. He was a professor at the Academy of Munich, where he was trained in the arts and of which he was an academican, as well as of the Academies of Berlin, Dresden, Milan, Vienna, and Antwerp. He was, however, free enough in his artistic opinions to belong to the secessions of Berlin, Munich and Vienna, and so helped to link modern art with the traditions obtaining when he was a young man.

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